DELL

10¢

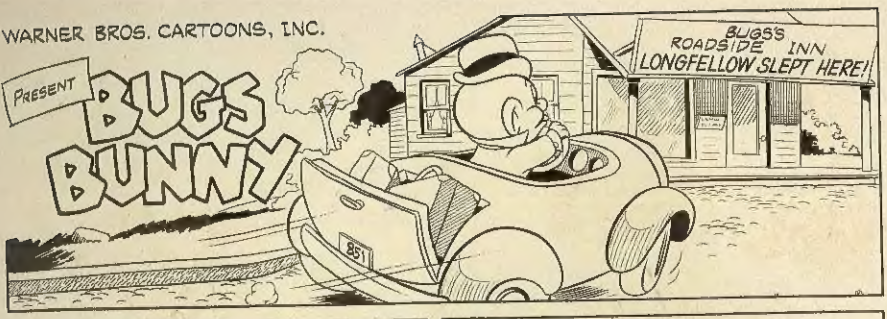
OCT.-NOV.

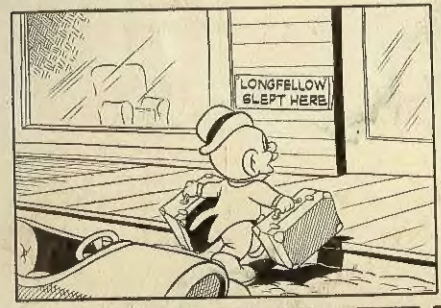
Bugs Bunny

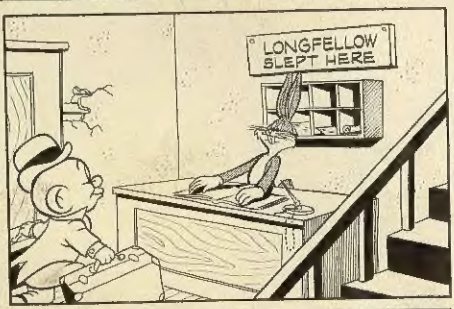
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

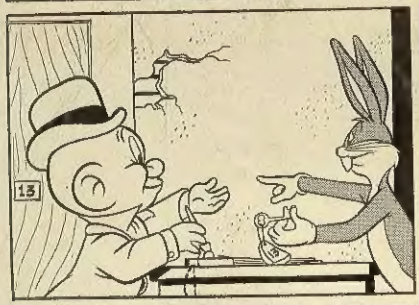
PRESENT

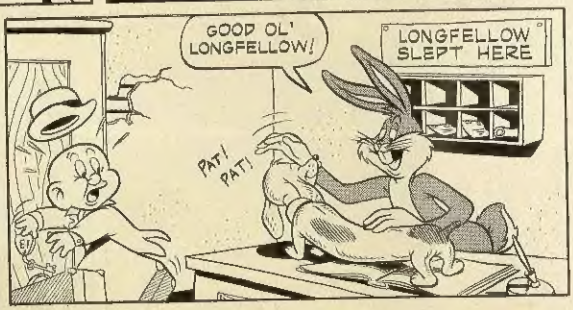
BUGS BUNNY











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WARNER BROS. CARTOONS present

BUGS BUNNY in SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

WELL, I GUESS AUTUMN MUST REALLY BE HERE FROM THE LOOKS OF ALL THOSE FALLING LEAVES!

WHICH MEANS THOSE ICY BLASTS WILL BE WHIPPING DOWN MY BURROW BEFORE LONG! BRR-R! I SHIVER TO THINK OF IT!

SURE WISH I COULD GO SOUTH FOR THE WINTER! I CAN AFFORD A *ONE-WAY* FARE... BUT *GETTING BACK* IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN!

HEY! WHAT'S WITH ELMER? LOOKS LIKE HE'S MOVING!

GOING SOMEPLACE, FUDDSY?

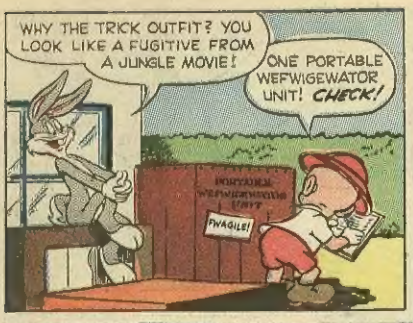
DON'T BOTHER ME! I'M TAKING INVENTOWY!

ONE CWATE OF FILM... *CHECK!*

SOUND FWAGILE!

CAMERA EQUIPMENT FWAGILE!

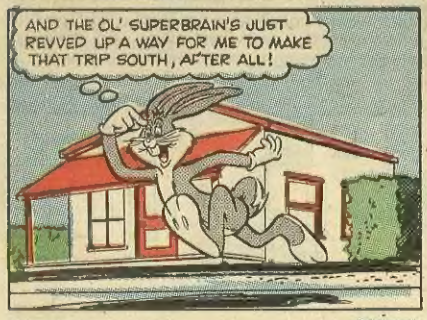
FILM FWAGILE!


WHY THE TRICK OUTFIT? YOU LOOK LIKE A FUGITIVE FROM A JUNGLE MOVIE!
ONE PORTABLE WEFWIGEWATOR UNIT! CHECK!
FWAGILE!

I KNOW! YOU'RE STORING THIS JUNK FOR SOMEBODY!
PLEASE SHUT UP AND GO AWAY! I'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS INVENTOWY BEFORE I LEAVE IN THE MORNING!
FWAGILE!

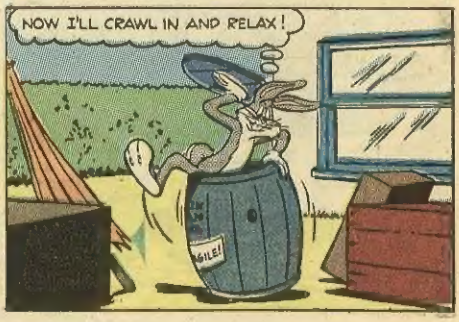
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! DON'T POP YOUR CORK! I'LL GO!
GOOD! ONE BAWWEL OF ICE-CWEAM SODA SYRUP! CHECK!
ICE CWEAM SODA SYRUP
FWAGILE!

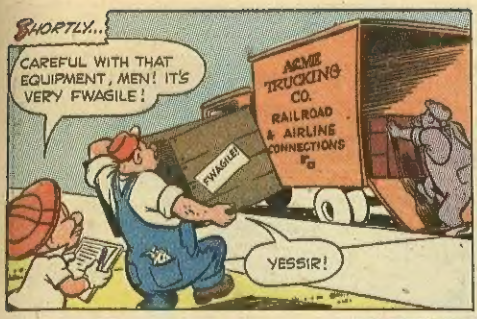
HMM! IT DOESN'T TAKE A SHERLOCK HOLMES TO FIGURE OUT ELMER'S GOING TO TAKE A TRIP SOUTH! YOU DON'T NEED ICE-CREAM SODA SYRUP AT THE NORTH POLE UNLESS THE CLIMATE'S CHANGED!
THWEE BEACH UMBWELLAS CHECK!


AND THE OL' SUPERBRAIN'S JUST REVVED UP A WAY FOR ME TO MAKE THAT TRIP SOUTH, AFTER ALL!

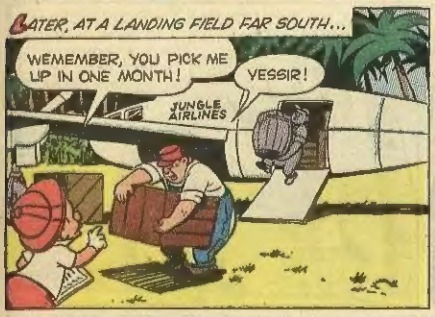
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...
SOUNDS LIKE FUDDSY'S STILL ASLEEP! GOOD!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
SUN TAN OIL
FWAGILE!

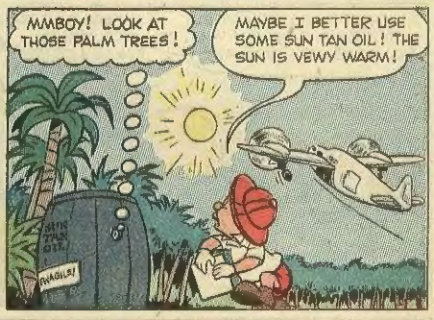
THAT'LL GIVE ME TIME TO STOCK UP ON A FEW CRUNCHIES FOR THE TRIP!
FUDD'S CAWWOT PATCH
SUN TAN OIL
FWAGILE!


NOW I'LL CRAWL IN AND RELAX!


SHORTLY...
CAREFUL WITH THAT EQUIPMENT, MEN! IT'S VERY FWAGILE!
ACME TRUCKING CO. RAILROAD & AIRLINE CONNECTIONS
FWAGILE
YESSIR!

HMM! THERE'S THE BAWWEL OF SUN TAN OIL I MISSED YESTERDAY WHEN THAT WABBIT HAD ME SO WATTLED!
SO FAR, SO GOOD!
SUN TAN OIL
FWAGILE!


LATER, AT A LANDING FIELD FAR SOUTH...
WEMEMBER, YOU PICK ME UP IN ONE MONTH!
YESSIR!
JUNGLE AIRLINES


MMBOY! LOOK AT THOSE PALM TREES!
MAYBE I BETTER USE SOME SUN TAN OIL! THE SUN IS VEWY WARM!
SUN TAN OIL
FWAGILE!

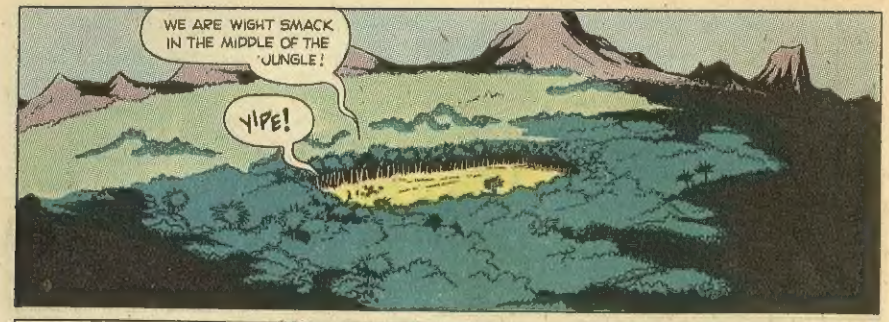
HIYA, FUDDSY! WHICH WAY'S THE BEACH? I'D LIKE TO TAKE A DIP!
Y-YOU? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

HMM...WELL, YOU MIGHT SAY I HITCHED A RIDE! WHICH WAY DID YOU SAY THE BEACH WAS?
I DIDN'T! BUT AS LONG AS YOU ASKED, IT'S THWEE HUNDWED MILES THATA-WAY!

THANKS! SEE YA!

THREE HUNDRED MILES!!

HEY! WHERE ARE WE? AREN'T WE AT A WINTER-TYPE RESORT?
WE ARE NOT!


WE ARE WIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE JUNGLE!
YIPE!

I WANTED TO GO SOUTH BUT, NOT THIS FAR SOUTH! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE, ANYWAY?
I'M GOING TO TAKE PICTURES OF JUNGLE LIFE TO SELL TO TELEVISION!
CAMEWA
FWAGILE!

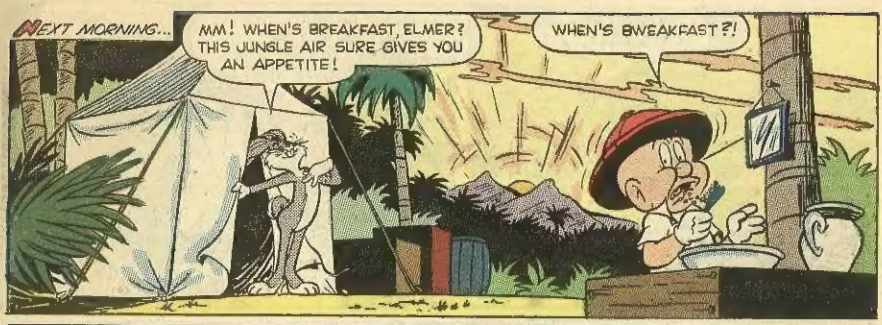
OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?
NOBODY ASKED YOU TO COME, WABBIT! BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE, YOU CAN HELP UNPACK THESE CWATES!

NOT ME, BUSTER! I'M HEADING FOR THE BEACH!
WIGHT STWAIGHT AHEAD! THWEE HUNDWED MILES!

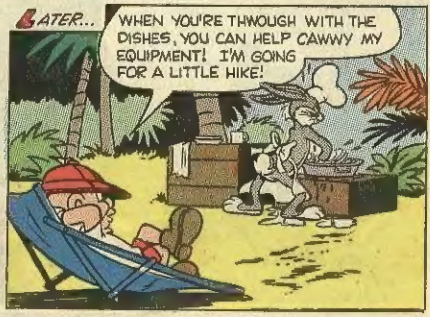
JEEPERS! DON'T THEY EVER TRIM THIS WEED FIELD? THESE BLASTED VINES ARE LIKE...

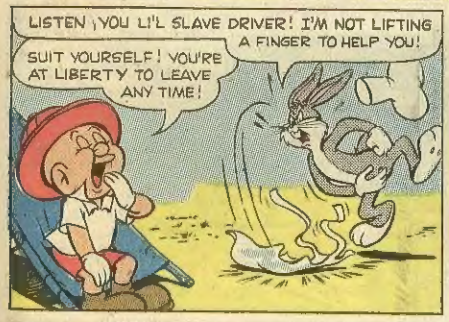
YIKE!

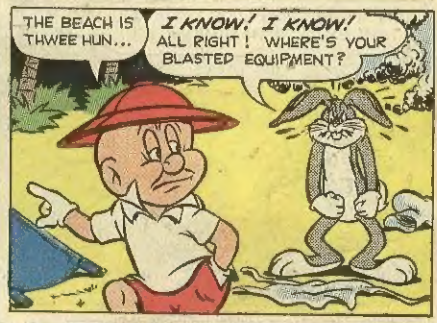
G-G-G-G-GOT AN EXTRA CROWBAR, FUDDSY?
HEH, HEH!
SCREECH


NEXT MORNING...
MM! WHEN'S BREAKFAST, ELMER? THIS JUNGLE AIR SURE GIVES YOU AN APPETITE!
WHEN'S BWEAKFAST?!

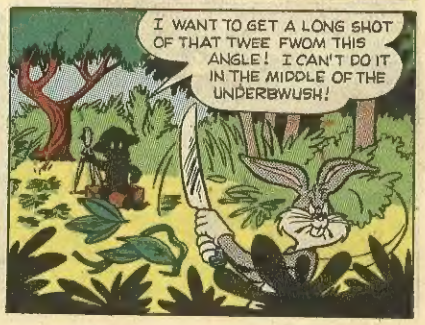
MUST I WEMIND YOU THAT YOU'RE NOT A GUEST HERE? IF YOU WANT BWEAKFAST, YOU CAN WORK FOR IT! I LIKE MY EGGS OVER EASY, PLEASE!


LATER...
WHEN YOU'RE THWOUGH WITH THE DISHES, YOU CAN HELP CAWWY MY EQUIPMENT! I'M GOING FOR A LITTLE HIKE!

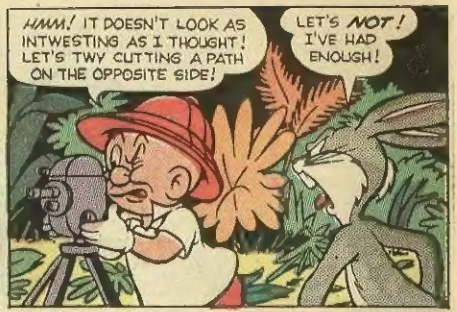

LISTEN, YOU LI'L SLAVE DRIVER! I'M NOT LIFTING A FINGER TO HELP YOU!
SUIT YOURSELF! YOU'RE AT LIBERTY TO LEAVE ANY TIME!


THE BEACH IS THWEE HUN...
I KNOW! I KNOW!
ALL RIGHT! WHERE'S YOUR BLASTED EQUIPMENT?

LATER...
PETE'S SAKE! WHY DO I HAVE TO CHOP A NEW PATH? ISN'T THE OLD ONE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?


I WANT TO GET A LONG SHOT OF THAT TWEE FWOM THIS ANGLE! I CAN'T DO IT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE UNDERBWUSH!

I THINK THAT'S FAR ENOUGH!
THANKS!


HMM! IT DOESN'T LOOK AS INTWESTING AS I THOUGHT! LET'S TWY CUTTING A PATH ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE!
LET'S NOT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

OH, YOU'RE LEAVING? WELL, THE BEACH IS THWEE...
NEVER MIND! WHERE DO YOU WANT YOUR BLASTED PATH CUT?

LOOK AT THE LI'L CLUCK! SNOOZING WHILST I SLAVE MY LIFE AWAY!
Z-

SAY, THESE LEAVES LOOK KINDA FAMILIAR! THEY SMELL KINDA FAMILIAR, TOO!

WAIT A MINUTE! THEY COULDN'T BE! YES, THEY ARE! CARROTS! GREAT BIG GIANT CARROTS!

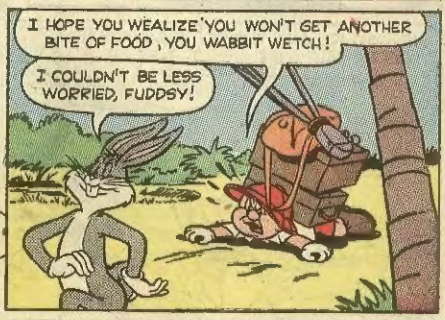
I'LL COVER THESE UP FOR NOW, AND LATER ON I'LL LOWER THE BOOM... BUT GOOD!

LATER...
THAT WASCAL SEEMS CHEERFUL THIS MORNING! MAYBE HE'S FINALLY WESIGNED TO HIS FATE!
♫

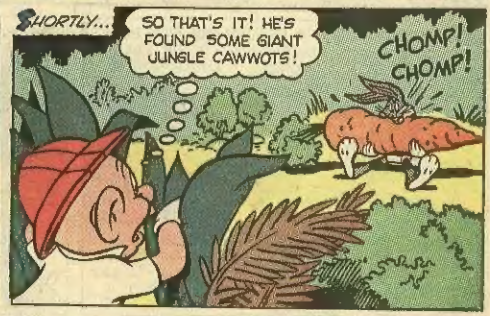
WELL, I HAVE ENOUGH SHOTS OF CWOCODILES! IT'S GETTING LATE AND WE'RE A LONG WAY FWOM CAMP!
GOOD IDEA! SEE YA!

HEY! AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING?
WHA— OH, YES! OF COURSE!

HOW RUDE OF ME! LET ME HELP YOU LOAD THIS JUNK!
HEY!


I HOPE YOU WEALIZE YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER BITE OF FOOD, YOU WABBIT WETCH!
I COULDN'T BE LESS WORRIED, FUDDSY!

THE NEXT DAY...
I'D GIVE A PWETTY TO KNOW WHAT THAT WASCAL IS UP TO! I THINK I'LL FOLLOW HIM!

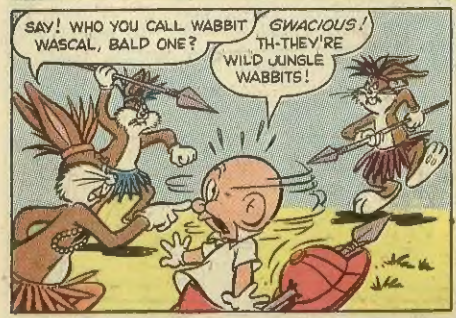

SHORTLY...
SO THAT'S IT! HE'S FOUND SOME GIANT JUNGLE CAWWOTS!
CHOMP! CHOMP!

SO HE THINKS HE CAN OUTSMART ME, DOES HE? AS SOON AS HE LEAVES, I'LL DIG UP ALL THE CAWWOTS AND HIDE THEM! WE'LL SEE WHO GETS THE LAST LAUGH!

LATER...
(WHEW!) WHAT A JOB! BUT I THINK I GOT ALL OF THEM!

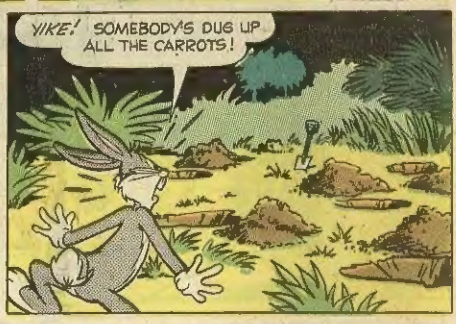
NOW TO HIDE THEM BEFORE HE WETURNS!
URK!
WH-WHAT WAS THAT?
CHONK!

SO! CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF WUINING MY HAT, YOU WABBIT WASCAL?


SAY! WHO YOU CALL WABBIT WASCAL, BALD ONE?
GWACIOUS! TH-THEY'RE WILD JUNGLE WABBITS!

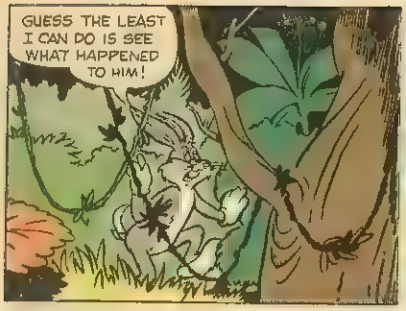
TAKE HIM TO VILLAGE! WE SHOW WHAT WE DO TO CARROT RUSTLERS!
NO! NO! NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'M NO CAWWOT WUSTLER! I HATE CAWWOTS!

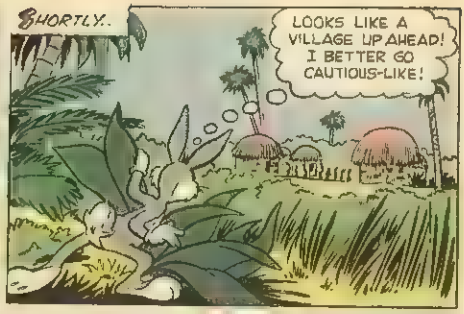
A BIT LATER...
IT'S BEEN ALMOST AN HOUR SINCE I ATE! THINK I'LL SNEAK A LITTLE SNACK!

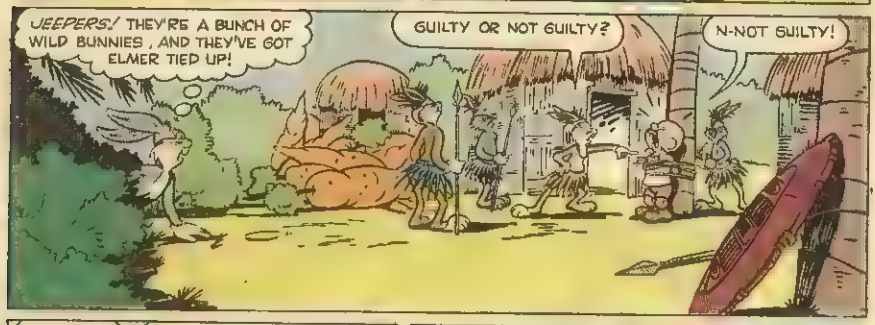

YIKE! SOMEBODY'S DUG UP ALL THE CARROTS!

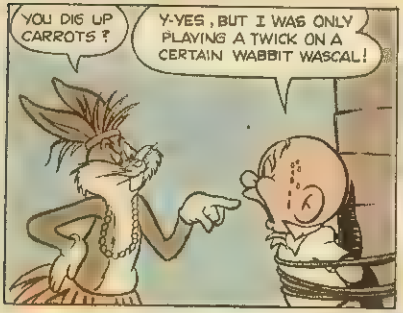
THERE'S ELMER'S LID! SO HE DID IT! OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS!

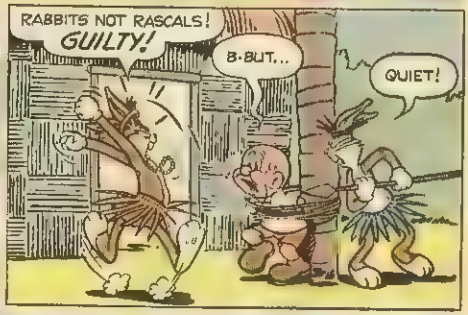
WAIT! THAT'S A SPEAR! YIKE! SOME N-NATIVES MUST HAVE JUMPED HIM! POOR ELMER!

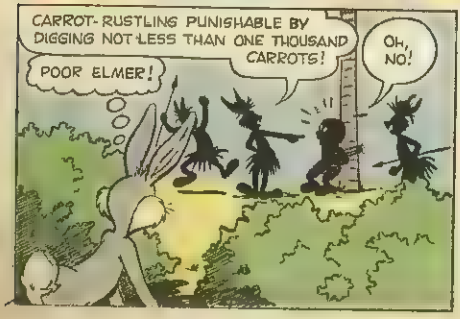

GUESS THE LEAST I CAN DO IS SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!

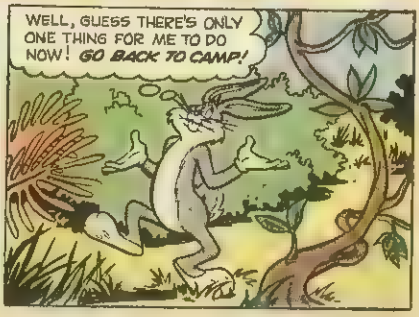

SHORTLY..
LOOKS LIKE A VILLAGE UP AHEAD! I BETTER GO CAUTIOUS-LIKE!


JEEPERS! THEY'RE A BUNCH OF WILD BUNNIES, AND THEY'VE GOT ELMER TIED UP!
GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?
N-NOT GUILTY!


YOU DIG UP CARROTS?
Y-YES, BUT I WAS ONLY PLAYING A TWICK ON A CERTAIN WABBIT WASCAL!


RABBITS NOT RASCALS! GUILTY!
B-BUT...
QUIET!


CARROT-RUSTLING PUNISHABLE BY DIGGING NOT-LESS THAN ONE THOUSAND CARROTS!
POOR ELMER!
OH, NO!


WELL, GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR ME TO DO NOW! GO BACK TO CAMP!

ONE MONTH AND A THOUSAND CARROTS LATER...

WELL, WELL! LOOK WHO'S COMING! WELCOME HOME, ELMER!

OHHH! MY BACK!

WHAT AN ORDEAL! ALL I GOT TO EAT WAS CAWWOTS! CAWWOTS! CAWWOTS!

OH, FOR A NICE JUICY HAMBURGER!

ER... THERE ISN'T ANY HAMBURGER!

YOU SEE, I ATE ALL THE FOOD! I DIDN'T KNOW HOW LONG YOU'D BE GONE, AND I WAS AFRAID IT WOULD SPOIL MEANWHILST!

!

WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'RE IN LUCK! THERE'S A PACKAGE OF FROZEN CARROTS LEFT! BE GLAD TO SHARE THEM WITH YOU!

NEVER MIND! I'LL EAT ON THE PLANE WHEN IT AWWIVES TO TAKE ME HOME!

YOU KNOW, I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO SOME CRISP WEATHER! I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD MY FILL OF SOUTHERN SUNSHINE!

OH, DON'T SAY *THAT*, OLD FWIEND! I KNOW A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN GO SOUTH FOR THE WINTER AND GET CWISP WEATHER, TOO!

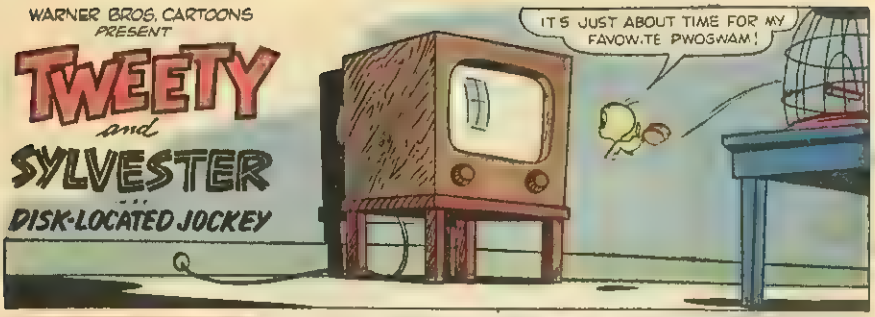
AND WHERE MIGHT THAT BE, FUDDSY?

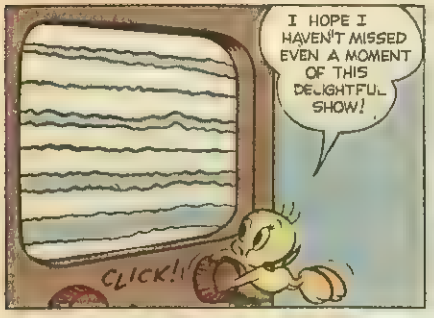
THE *SOUTH POLE*, BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING TO *CHASE* YOU!

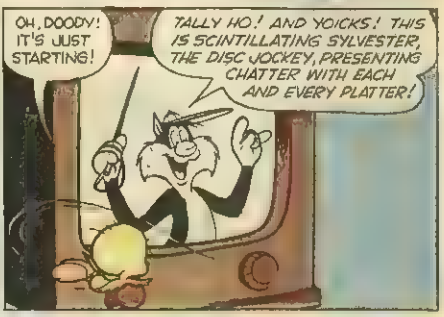
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS PRESENT

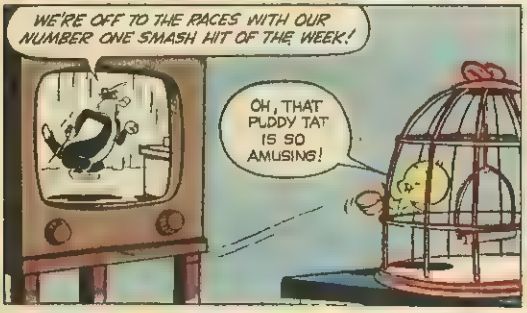
TWEETY and SYLVESTER

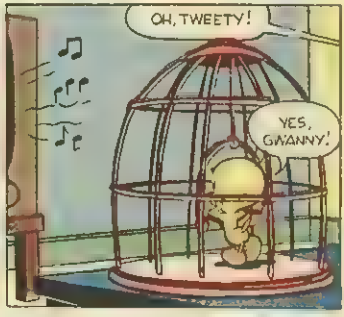
DISK-LOCATED JOCKEY

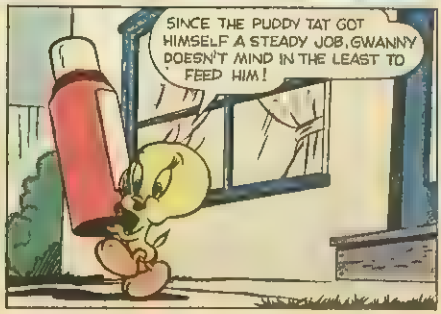


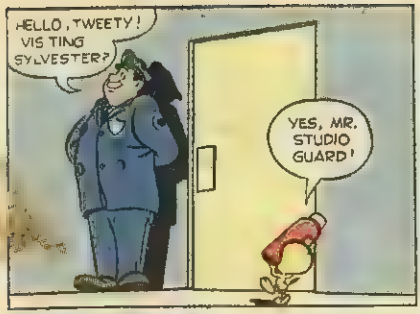


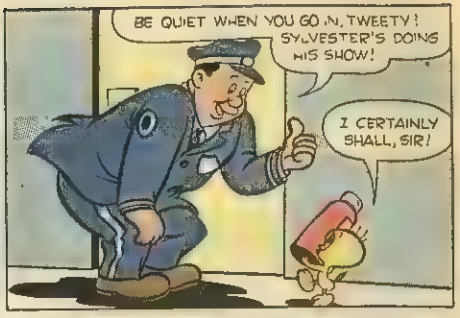


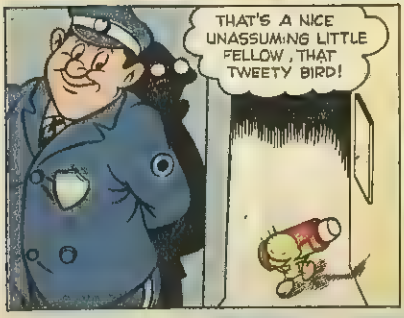


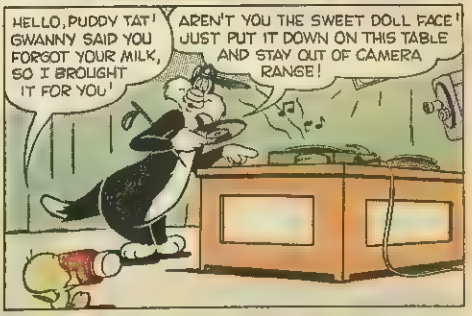


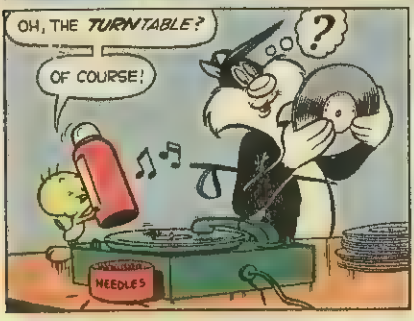


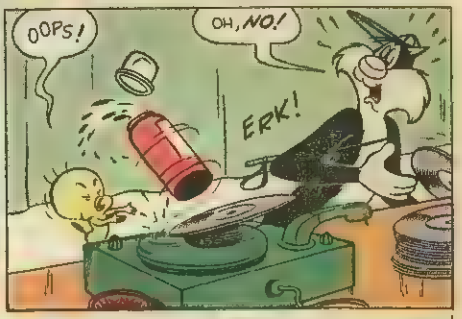

HELLO, TWEETY! VIS TING SYLVESTER?
YES, MR. STUDIO GUARD!


BE QUIET WHEN YOU GO IN, TWEETY! SYLVESTER'S DOING HIS SHOW!
I CERTAINLY SHALL, SIR!

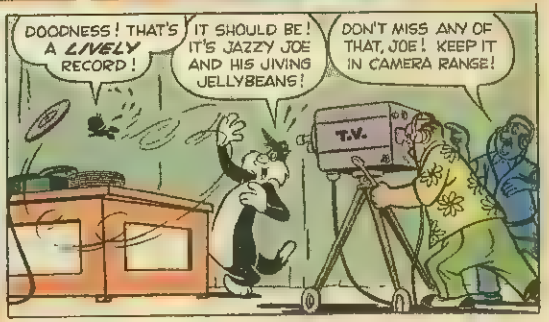

THAT'S A NICE UNASSUMING LITTLE FELLOW, THAT TWEETY BIRD!

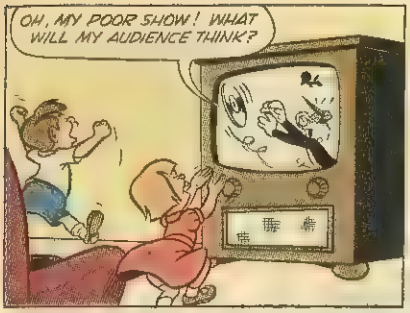

HELLO, PUDDY TAT! GWANNY SAID YOU FORGOT YOUR MILK, SO I BROUGHT IT FOR YOU!
AREN'T YOU THE SWEET DOLL FACE! JUST PUT IT DOWN ON THIS TABLE AND STAY OUT OF CAMERA RANGE!

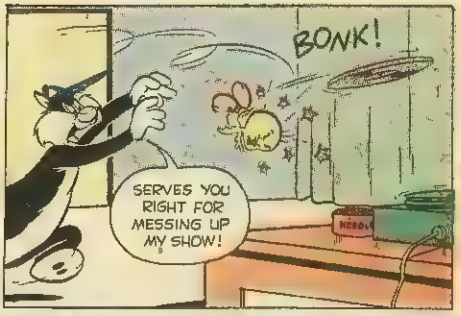

OH, THE TURNTABLE?
?
OF COURSE!
NEEDLES

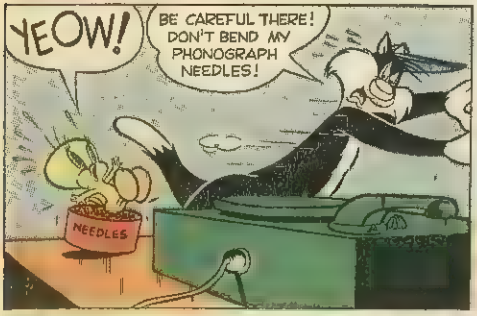

OOPS!
OH, NO!
ERK!

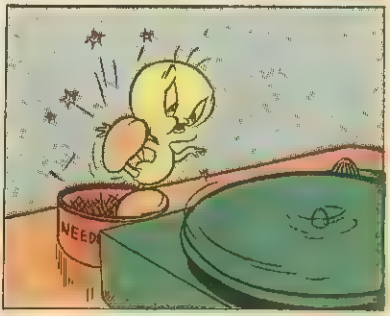
PLOP!
THE MILK WAS FOR YOU, PUDDY TAT, NOT ME!
NEVER MIND THE MILK! CATCH THAT RUNAWAY RECORD!

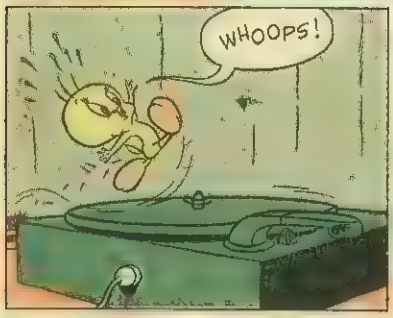

DOODNESS! THAT'S A LIVELY RECORD!
IT SHOULD BE! IT'S JAZZY JOE AND HIS JIVING JELLYBEANS!
DON'T MISS ANY OF THAT, JOE! KEEP IT IN CAMERA RANGE!
T.V.

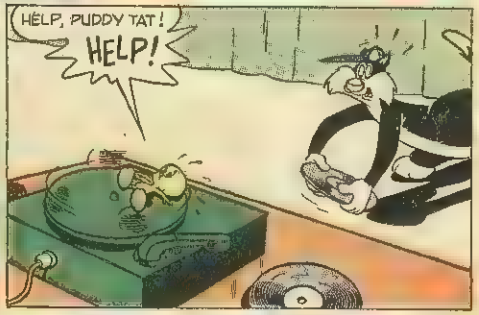

OH, MY POOR SHOW! WHAT WILL MY AUDIENCE THINK?

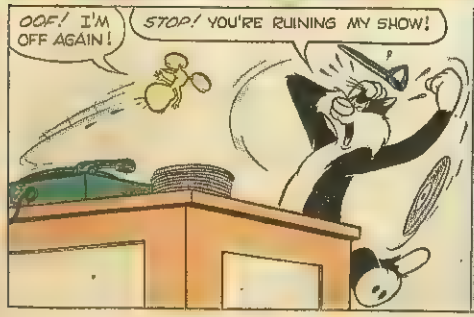

BONK!
SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR MESSING UP MY SHOW!

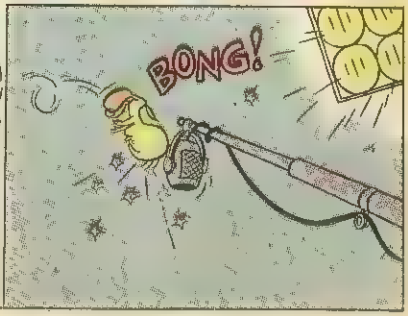

YEOW!
BE CAREFUL THERE! DON'T BEND MY PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES!
NEEDLES

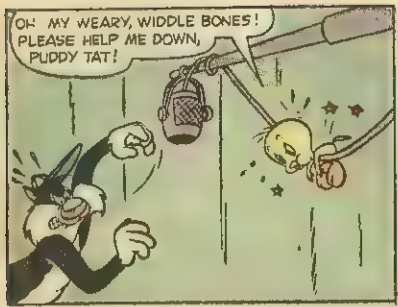


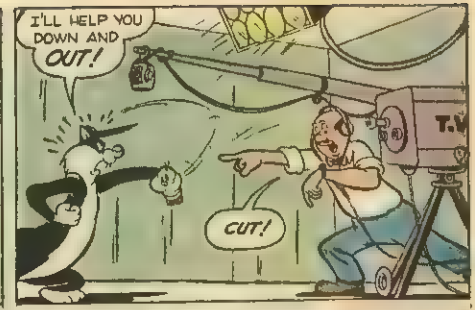

WHOOPS!

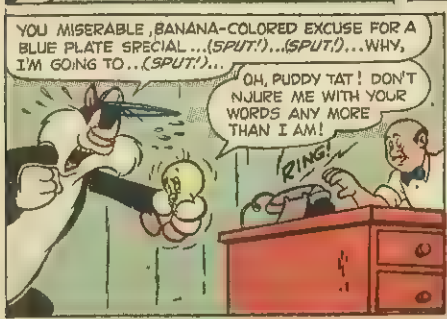

HELP, PUDDY TAT!
HELP!

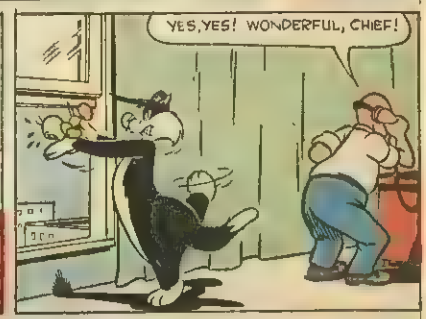

OOF! I'M OFF AGAIN!
STOP! YOU'RE RUINING MY SHOW!

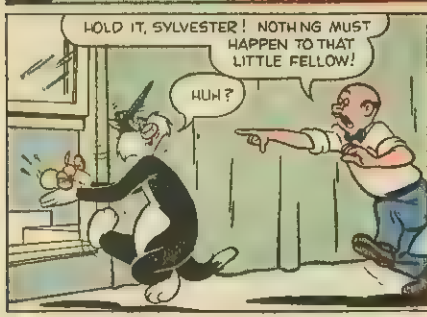

BONG!

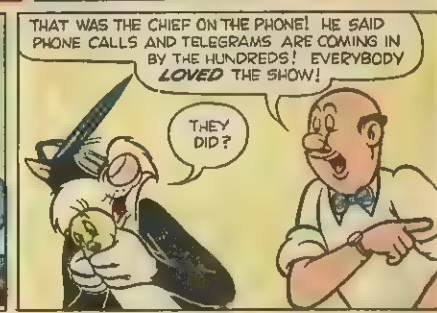

OH MY WEARY, WIDDLE BONES! PLEASE HELP ME DOWN, PUDDY TAT!

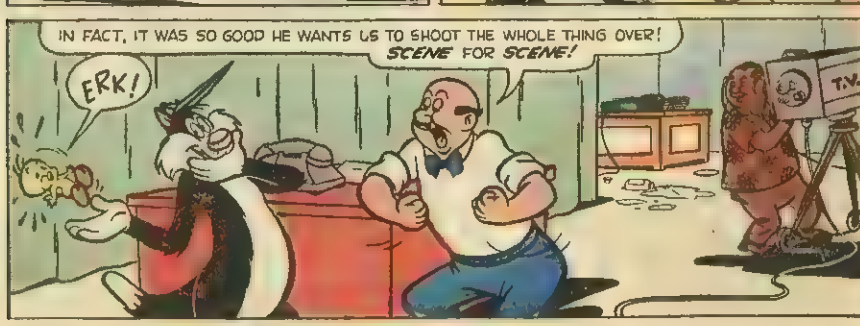

I'LL HELP YOU DOWN AND OUT!
CUT!
T.V.


YOU MISERABLE, BANANA-COLORED EXCUSE FOR A BLUE PLATE SPECIAL...(SPUT!)...(SPUT!)...WHY, I'M GOING TO..(SPUT!)...
OH, PUDDY TAT! DON'T NJURE ME WITH YOUR WORDS ANY MORE THAN I AM!
RING!


YES, YES! WONDERFUL, CHIEF!


HOLD IT, SYLVESTER! NOTHING MUST HAPPEN TO THAT LITTLE FELLOW!
HUH?


THAT WAS THE CHIEF ON THE PHONE! HE SAID PHONE CALLS AND TELEGRAMS ARE COMING IN BY THE HUNDREDS! EVERYBODY LOVED THE SHOW!
THEY DID?


IN FACT, IT WAS SO GOOD HE WANTS US TO SHOOT THE WHOLE THING OVER! SCENE FOR SCENE!
ERK!
T.V.

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS PRESENT

BUGS BUNNY and UNCLE BUCKSKIN

in "The FANTASTIC FOUNDLING"

(YAWN!)... THIS IS THE LIFE, EH, BUGSY?

YESSIR, UNCLE BUCK! I ALWAYS ENJOY YOUR MOUNTAIN CABIN! NOTHING TO DO! NO RESPONSIBILITIES!

JUST LIE AROUND AND EAT CARROTS ALL DAY! HEH, HEH!

AND SLEEP ALL NIGHT! (YAWN!)

BUT THINGS AREN'T SO RELAXING AT ANOTHER MOUNTAIN CABIN! IT'S THE HOME OF THE THREE BEARS...

WA-AH!

PAW! PAW! SCARE UP SOME MORE VITTLES! BABY'S HONGRY AGAIN!

PAW!

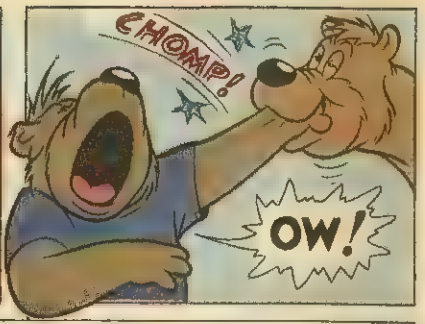
YA—AS! I'M *HERE!* SUFFERING SOWBUGS! ALL THAT KID DOES IS EAT!

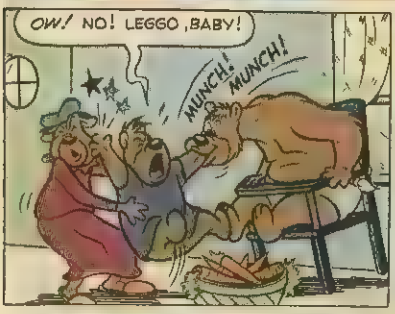
TUT, TUT! JUST BE GLAD HE'S GOT A GOOD APPETITE!

CHOMP! CHOMP!

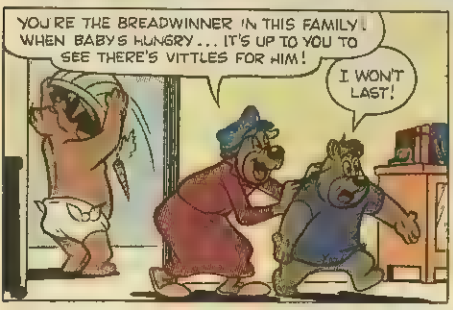
GOOD! IT'S *COLOSSAL!* I CAN'T EVEN KEEP UP WITH HIM!

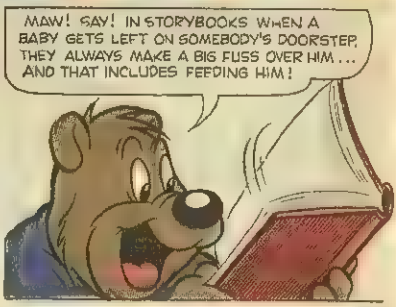
HE EATS EVERYTHING I CAN FIND .HUNT...FISH...AND GROW EVEN!
LOOK AT HIM! WHO EVER HEARD OF A CARROT-EATING BEAR?

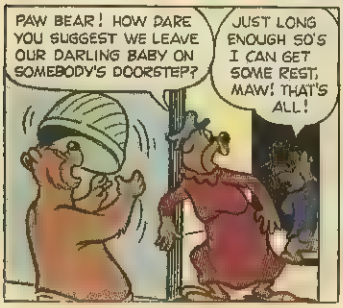

CHOMP!
OW!

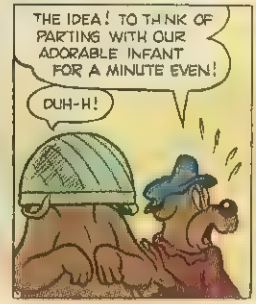

OW! NO! LEGGO, BABY!
MUNCH! MUNCH!

I GIVE UP, MAW! I CAN'T KEEP UP THIS PACE! I'VE JUST GOT TO HAVE A VACATION FROM THIS FEEDBAG ROUTINE...OR I WON'T LAST ANOTHER WEEK!
NOW, NOW, PAW!

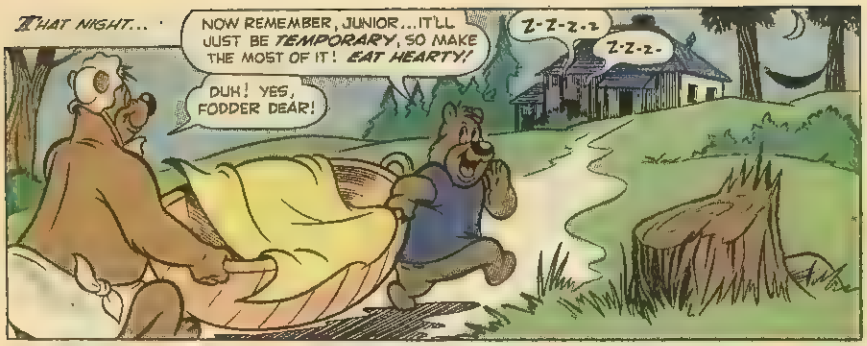

YOU'RE THE BREADWINNER IN THIS FAMILY! WHEN BABY'S HUNGRY... IT'S UP TO YOU TO SEE THERE'S VITTLES FOR HIM!
I WON'T LAST!

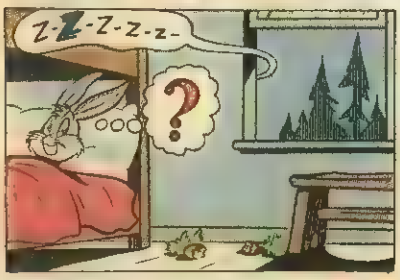

MAW! SAY! IN STORYBOOKS WHEN A BABY GETS LEFT ON SOMEBODY'S DOORSTEP, THEY ALWAYS MAKE A BIG FUSS OVER HIM... AND THAT INCLUDES FEEDING HIM!

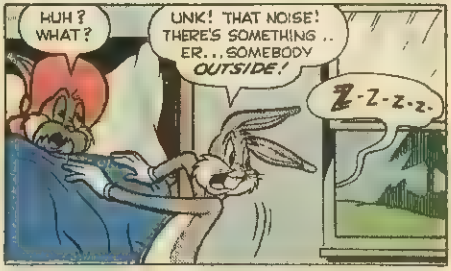

PAW BEAR! HOW DARE YOU SUGGEST WE LEAVE OUR DARLING BABY ON SOMEBODY'S DOORSTEP?
JUST LONG ENOUGH SO'S I CAN GET SOME REST, MAW! THAT'S ALL!

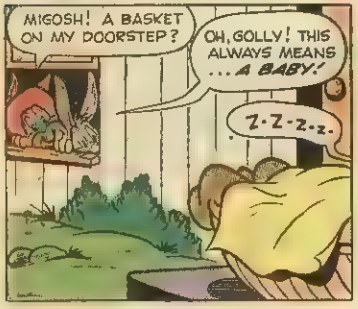

THE IDEA! TO THINK OF PARTING WITH OUR ADORABLE INFANT FOR A MINUTE EVEN!
DUH-H!

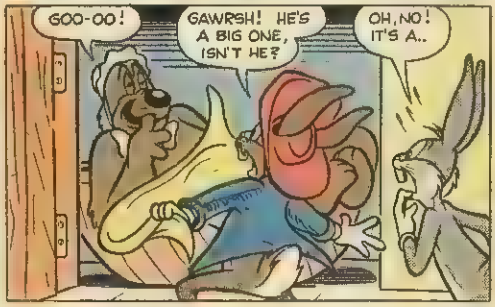
'COURSE...GETTING AWAY FROM YOU FOR A WHILE MIGHT DO HIM SOME GOOD!
IT'S A DEAL! I'LL FIND A GOOD HOME FOR HIM:

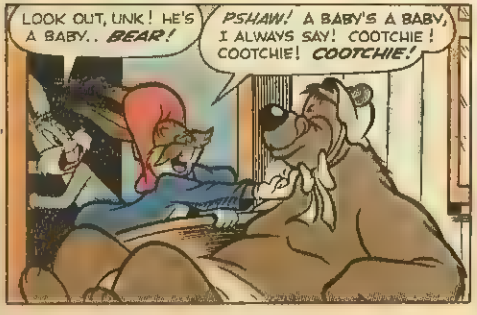

THAT NIGHT...
NOW REMEMBER, JUNIOR...IT'LL JUST BE TEMPORARY, SO MAKE THE MOST OF IT! EAT HEARTY!
DUH! YES, FODDER DEAR!
Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-

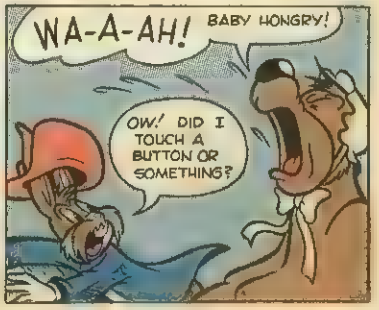

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-
?

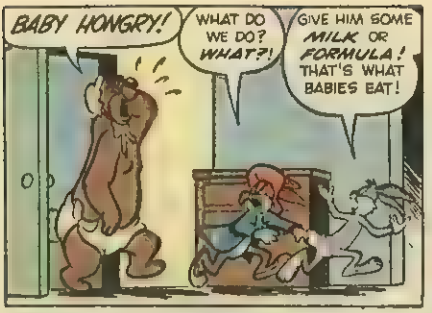

HUH? WHAT?
UNK! THAT NOISE! THERE'S SOMETHING .. ER...SOMEBODY OUTSIDE!
Z-Z-Z-Z-

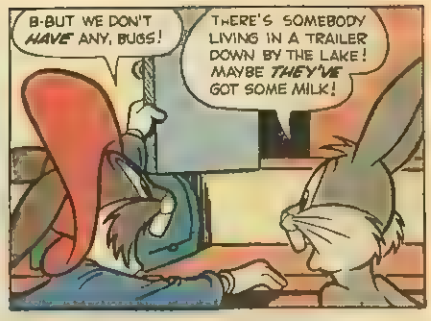

MIGOSH! A BASKET ON MY DOORSTEP?
OH, GOLLY! THIS ALWAYS MEANS ...A BABY!
Z-Z-Z-Z-

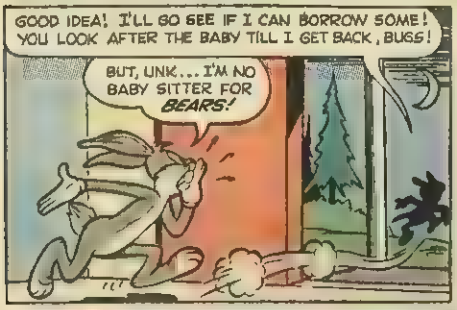

GOO-OO!
GAWRSH! HE'S A BIG ONE, ISN'T HE?
OH, NO! IT'S A..


LOOK OUT, UNK! HE'S A BABY.. BEAR!
PSHAW! A BABY'S A BABY, I ALWAYS SAY! COOTCHIE! COOTCHIE! COOTCHIE!

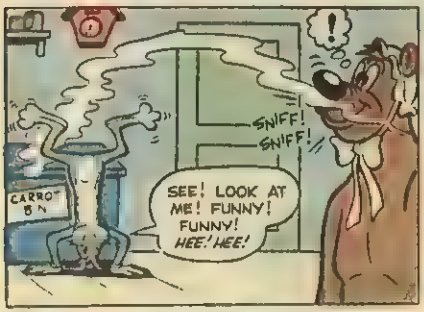

WA-A-AH!
BABY HONGRY!
OW! DID I TOUCH A BUTTON OR SOMETHING?

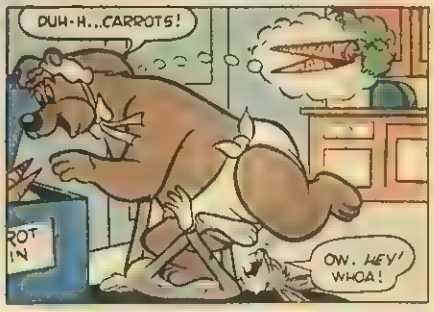

BABY HONGRY!
WHAT DO WE DO? WHAT?!
GIVE HIM SOME MILK OR FORMULA! THAT'S WHAT BABIES EAT!

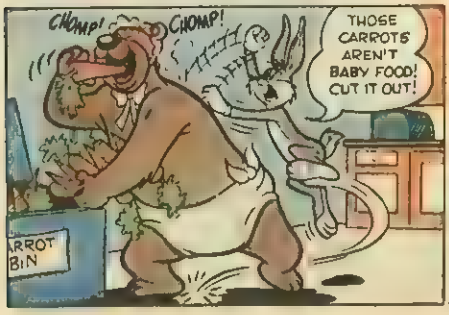

B-BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY, BUGS!
THERE'S SOMEBODY LIVING IN A TRAILER DOWN BY THE LAKE! MAYBE THEY'VE GOT SOME MILK!

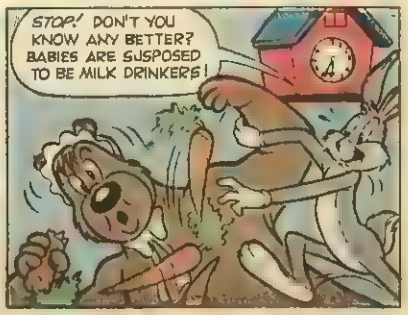

GOOD IDEA! I'LL GO SEE IF I CAN BORROW SOME! YOU LOOK AFTER THE BABY TILL I GET BACK, BUGS!
BUT, UNK... I'M NO BABY SITTER FOR BEARS!

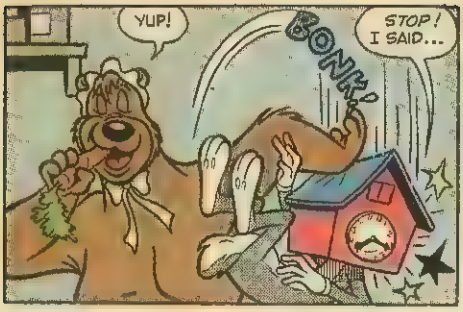
OKAY! OKAY! LOOK, BABY! I'M TRYING TO AMUSE YOU!

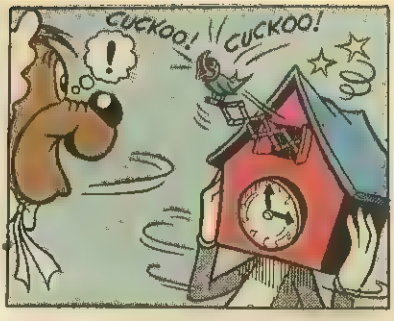

!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
SEE! LOOK AT ME! FUNNY! FUNNY! HEE! HEE!
CARROT BIN

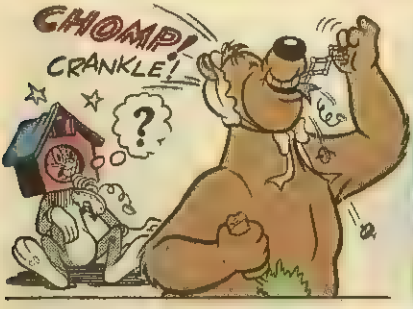

DUH-H...CARROTS!
OW. HEY! WHOA!


CHOMP!
CHOMP!
THOSE CARROTS AREN'T BABY FOOD! CUT IT OUT!

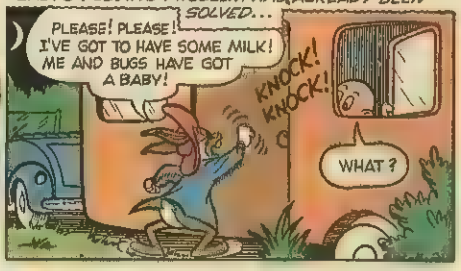

STOP! DON'T YOU KNOW ANY BETTER? BABIES ARE SUSPOSED TO BE MILK DRINKERS!

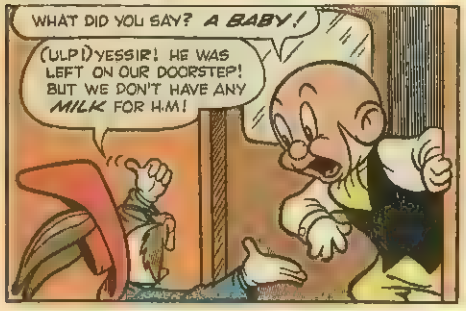


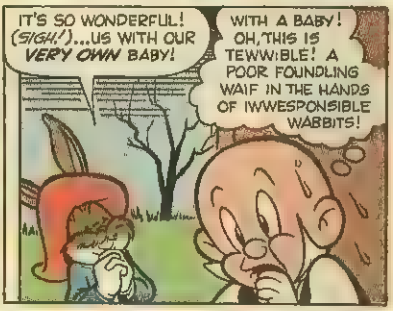


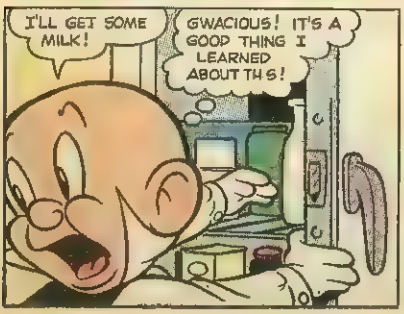


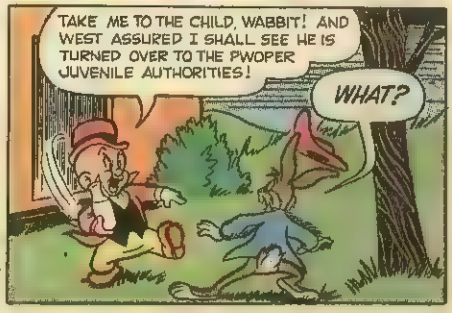
HOWEVER, UNCLE BUCK DOESN'T KNOW THAT BABY'S FEEDING PROBLEM HAS ALREADY BEEN SOLVED...



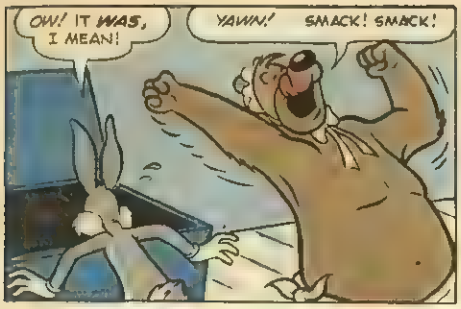




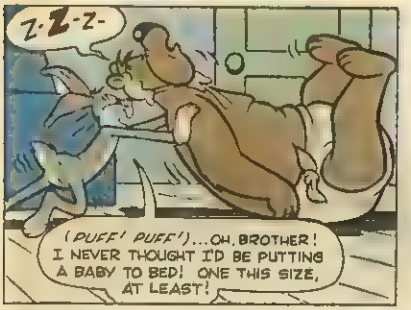


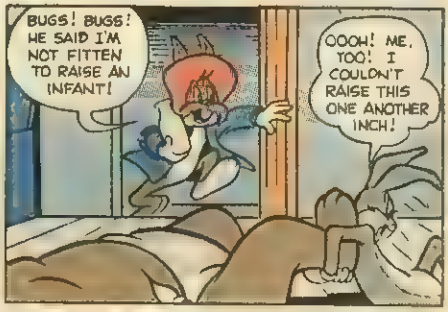


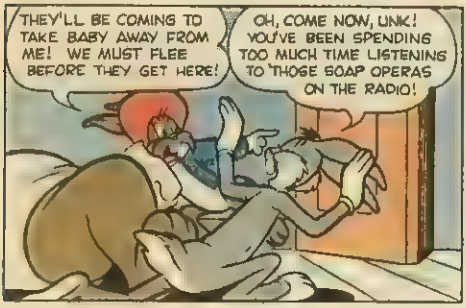
A BABY NEEDS PWOPER CARE AND PWOTECTION ...FWOM WABBITS ESPECIALLY!
OH, NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME! HE'S MY BABY NOW!
MINE! MINE! DO YOU HEAR?
JUST LEAD THE WAY, WABBIT! THE MATTER S NO LONGER YOURS TO DECIDE!
OH, IS THAT SO? IF HE THINKS I'M GOING TO LET HIM TAKE MY DARLING BABY AWAY FROM ME NOW, HE S M GHTY MISTAKEN!
WELL, FOLLOW ME! THE TRAIL GOES THROUGH THIS WAY!
HMM...
THEN THROUGH THIS HOLLOW LOG:
HEAVENS TO BETSY! IS THIS TWIP NECESSARY?
OW! I'M STUCK!
HA! HA! DON'T WORRY! I'LL SEE THAT BABY GETS HIS BOTTLE!
BUT WHAT ABOUT BUGS AND "THE BABY"?
(SPLUT! SPLUT!) STOP! LAY OFF, KID! PLEASE! THINK OF US POOR RABBITS!
THAT'S A WHOLE MONTH'S CARROT SUPPLY!
RRM B N

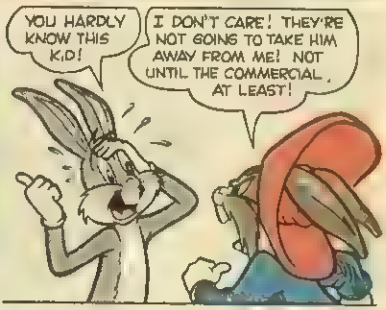

OW! IT WAS, I MEAN!
YAWN! SMACK! SMACK!

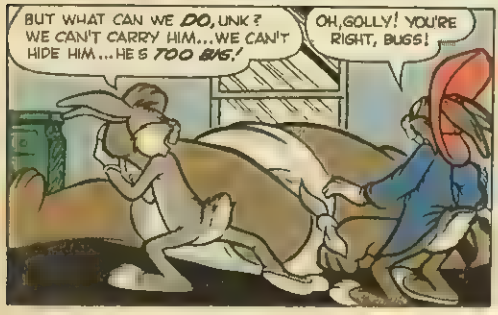
SIGH-H!
NO! GET UP! BABIES CAN'T NAP ON THE FLOOR!

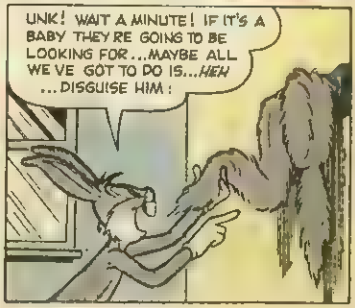

Z-Z-Z-
(PUFF! PUFF!)...OH, BROTHER! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE PUTTING A BABY TO BED! ONE THIS SIZE, AT LEAST!

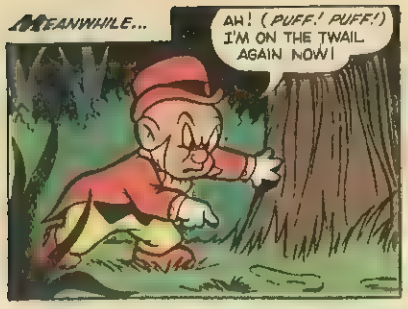

BUGS! BUGS! HE SAID I'M NOT FITTEN TO RAISE AN INFANT!
OOOH! ME, TOO! I COULDN'T RAISE THIS ONE ANOTHER INCH!

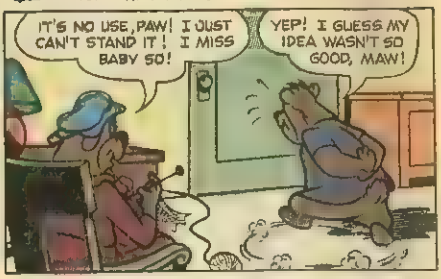

THEY'LL BE COMING TO TAKE BABY AWAY FROM ME! WE MUST FLEE BEFORE THEY GET HERE!
OH, COME NOW, UNK! YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING TOO MUCH TIME LISTENING TO THOSE SOAP OPERAS ON THE RADIO!

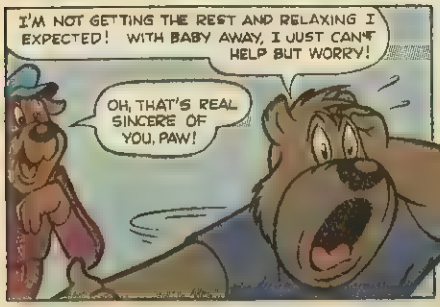

YOU HARDLY KNOW THIS KID!
I DON'T CARE! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME! NOT UNTIL THE COMMERCIAL, AT LEAST!

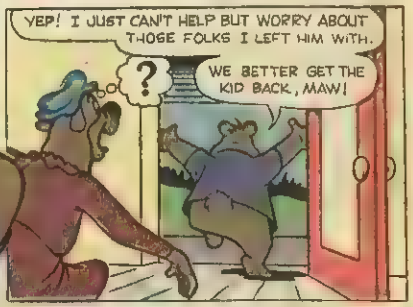

BUT WHAT CAN WE DO, UNK? WE CAN'T CARRY HIM...WE CAN'T HIDE HIM...HE'S TOO BIG!
OH, GOLLY! YOU'RE RIGHT, BUGS!

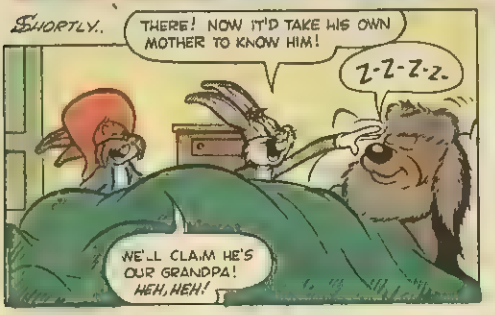

UNK! WAIT A MINUTE! IF IT'S A BABY THEY'RE GOING TO BE LOOKING FOR...MAYBE ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS...HEH ...DISGUISE HIM!


MEANWHILE...
AH! (PUFF! PUFF!) I'M ON THE TWAIL AGAIN NOW!

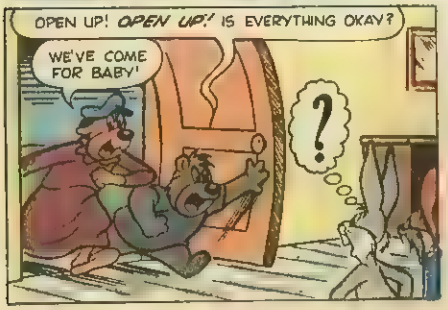

BUT UHOH...HE MAY NOT BE THE ONLY ONE!
IT'S NO USE, PAW! I JUST CAN'T STAND IT! I MISS BABY SO!
YEP! I GUESS MY IDEA WASN'T SO GOOD, MAW!


I'M NOT GETTING THE REST AND RELAXING I EXPECTED! WITH BABY AWAY, I JUST CAN'T HELP BUT WORRY!
OH, THAT'S REAL SINCERE OF YOU, PAW!

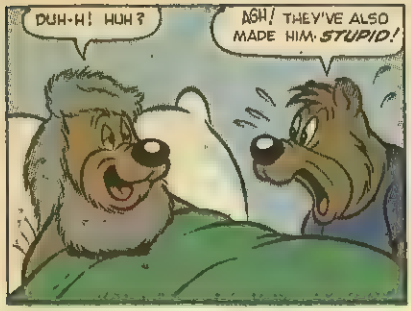

YEP! I JUST CAN'T HELP BUT WORRY ABOUT THOSE FOLKS I LEFT HIM WITH.
?
WE BETTER GET THE KID BACK, MAW!

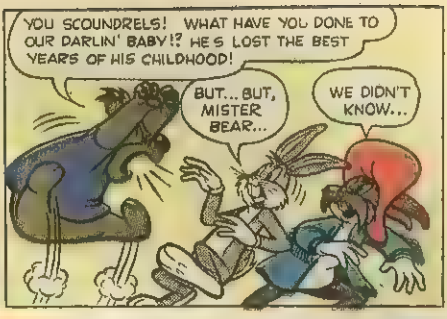

SHORTLY..
THERE! NOW IT'D TAKE HIS OWN MOTHER TO KNOW HIM!
Z-Z-Z-Z.
WE'LL CLAIM HE'S OUR GRANDPA! HEH, HEH!

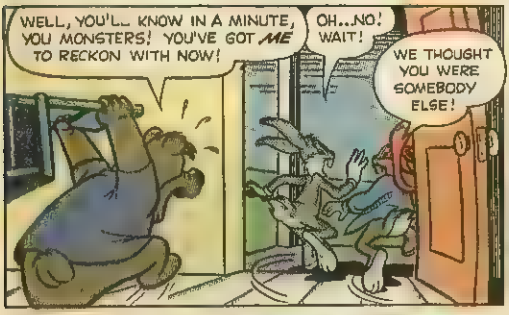
KNOCK! KNOCK!
OPEN UP! OPEN UP!
UH-OH! THERE THEY ARE!


OPEN UP! OPEN UP! IS EVERYTHING OKAY?
WE'VE COME FOR BABY!
?

PAW! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO HIM?
SUFFERING SLAGPILES! HE'S AGED FIFTY YEARS SINCE WE SAW HIM LAST!

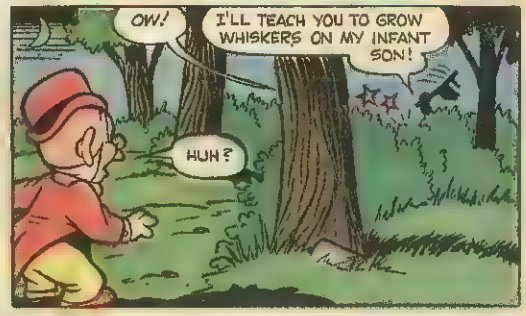

DUH-H! HUH?
AGH! THEY'VE ALSO MADE HIM STUPID!

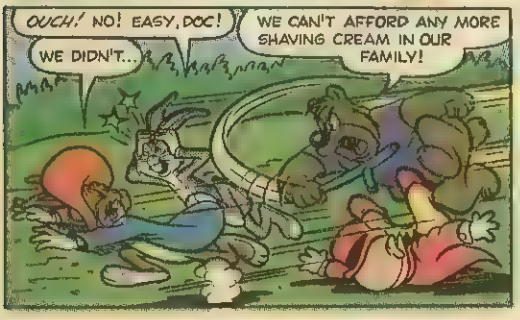

YOU SCOUNDRELS! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO OUR DARLIN' BABY!? HE'S LOST THE BEST YEARS OF HIS CHILDHOOD!
BUT... BUT, MISTER BEAR...
WE DIDN'T KNOW...

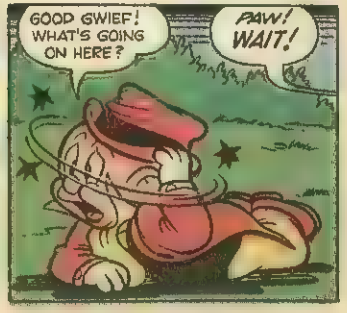

WELL, YOU'LL KNOW IN A MINUTE, YOU MONSTERS! YOU'VE GOT ME TO RECKON WITH NOW!
OH...NO! WAIT!
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE!

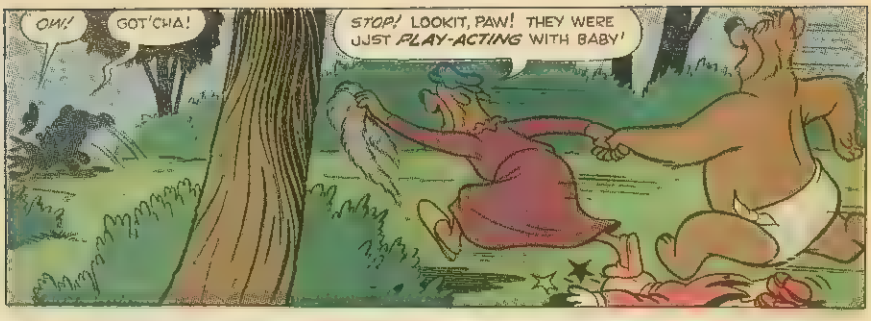
POOR BABY! I 'SPECT IT'S BEEN THE WORRY AND ALL!
HEE-EE! THEY TICKLES!

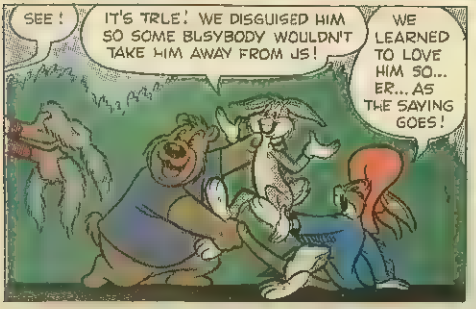
HUH? WELL, SAKES ALIVE!

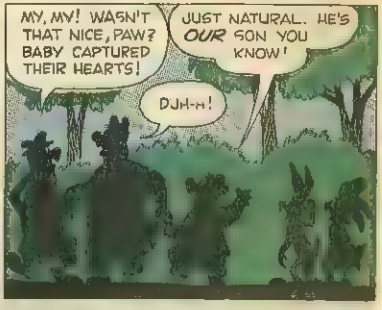

OW!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO GROW WHISKERS ON MY INFANT SON!
HUH?

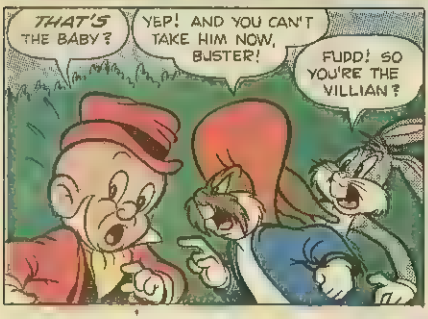

OUCH! NO! EASY, DOC!
WE DIDN'T...
WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY MORE SHAVING CREAM IN OUR FAMILY!

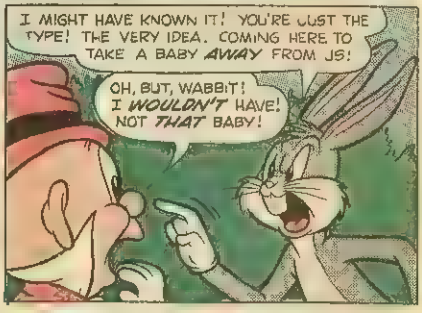

GOOD GWIEF! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
PAW! WAIT!

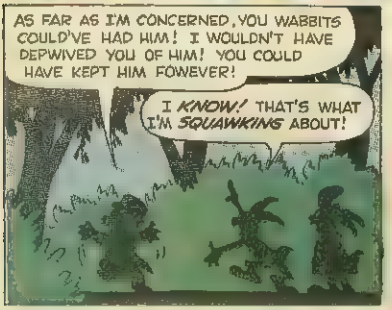

OW!
GOT'CHA!
STOP! LOOKIT, PAW! THEY WERE JUST PLAY-ACTING WITH BABY!

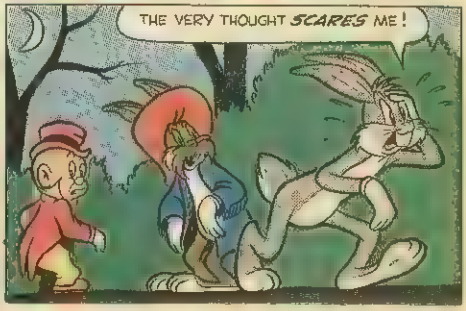

SEE!
IT'S TRUE! WE DISGUISED HIM SO SOME BUSYBODY WOULDN'T TAKE HIM AWAY FROM US!
WE LEARNED TO LOVE HIM SO... ER... AS THE SAYING GOES!


MY, MY! WASN'T THAT NICE, PAW? BABY CAPTURED THEIR HEARTS!
JUST NATURAL. HE'S OUR SON YOU KNOW!
DUH-H!

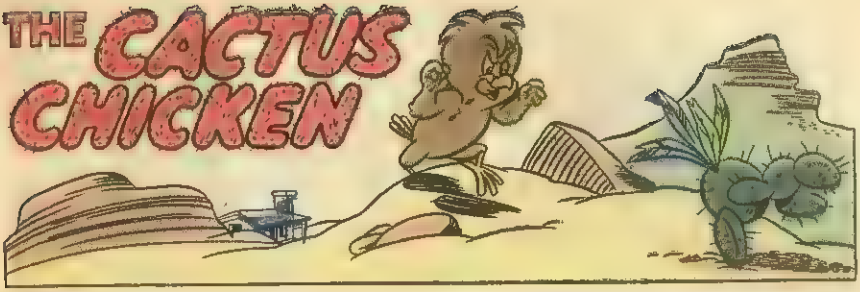

THAT'S THE BABY?
YEP! AND YOU CAN'T TAKE HIM NOW, BUSTER!
FUDD! SO YOU'RE THE VILLIAN?


I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE! THE VERY IDEA. COMING HERE TO TAKE A BABY AWAY FROM US!
OH, BUT, WABBIT! I WOULDN'T HAVE! NOT THAT BABY!


AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU WABBITS COULD'VE HAD HIM! I WOULDN'T HAVE DEPWIVED YOU OF HIM! YOU COULD HAVE KEPT HIM FOWEVER!
I KNOW! THAT'S WHAT I'M SQUAWKING ABOUT!


THE VERY THOUGHT SCARES ME!

THE CACTUS CHICKEN



As Ollie Owl was one day snoozing comfortably in the meager shade of a scraggly mesquite bush, he was suddenly startled by the loud clatter of stones nearby. He opened his eyes just in time to see Henery Hawk tiptoeing sneakily past.

"Hi, Henery!" called Ollie. "Are you looking for something?"

Henery jumped guiltily and jerked around. "OLLIE! Er — I was just admiring the lovely colors of the desert," he mumbled weakly.

"Hmph! And is it possible that you were admiring the colors of Artist Brown's chickens, as well!" declared Ollie, shrewdly. "When I grubstaked you so you could do some prospecting out here, you promised not to bother Mr. Brown's chickens. He's my friend, and he uses his chickens as models for drawings for children's books."

"I *absolutely* promise not to chase chickens, Ollie," asserted Henery slyly.

But Ollie shook his head doubtfully as he watched Henery wander off down a nearby ravine. So he searched until he found just what he needed in case Henery *did* get the chicken fever. And, finally, he set the object among some rocks at the bottom of a steep hill near the artist's stone cabin.

Meanwhile, Henery simply could not forget about those plump young chickens! And at last he figured out how he could get Ollie out of the way.

"Help, Ollie!" he cried, with a shrill and piercing wail.

Immediately the kindhearted Ollie took off on a frantic dash to find Henery. But in the depths of the rocky ravine, with trees and bushes set thickly all around him, Ollie was soon hopelessly lost.

"Where are you, Henery?" called Ollie, worriedly, peeking behind every bush.

By that time, Henery had made a cautious circle back to the artist's cabin, and sure enough, his slick plan had worked. For Ollie was not in sight, and a tempting, fluffy chicken was lying motionless in plain view, sound asleep among some rocks near the sunny hill.

"Wowie, a sleeping chicken!" muttered Henery, greedily. "Then I won't have to chase it, and so I won't break my promise to Ollie!"

He then crawled painfully over some sharp rocks to get close enough to grab at the huddled chicken in a final rushing flurry.

"Owl" he yelled as he clutched the chicken. "OUCH! HELP!" And his pained voice showed that he *really* needed help!

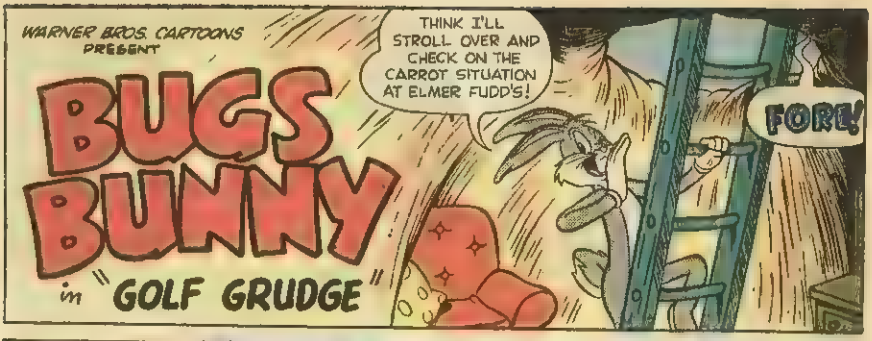
When Ollie came puffing back, using Henery's shocked cries as a direction finder, Henery was dancing wildly and trying to shake from his hands the long cactus needles which bristled thickly.

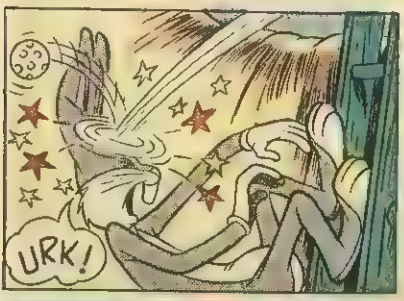
"Well, Henery Hawk," squeaked Ollie, indignantly, "explain *this* if you can!"

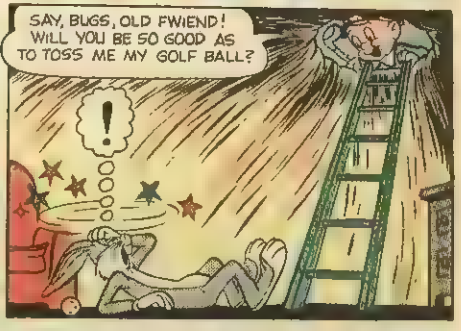
"Okay, Ollie, okay!" pleaded Henery, humbly. "You certainly put over your point —*lots* of points, in fact. That chicken was nothing but a prickly pear cactus with lots of feathers stuck in it. So now you can just help pull out all the cactus needles that are stuck in me!"

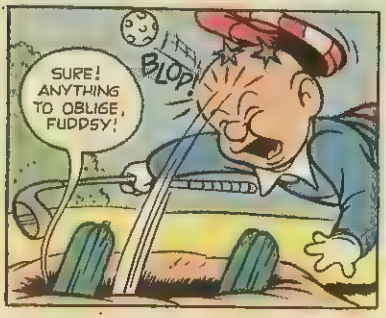
"Tish, tush, Henery," retorted Ollie, dramatically. "This should certainly teach you that fine feathers don't always make fine chickens!"

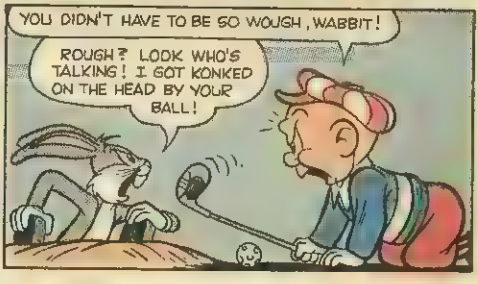
And Henery nodded sadly in agreement each time Ollie very carefully plucked a cactus needle from out his hide!

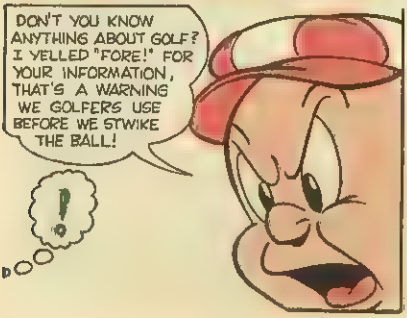

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS PRESENT
BUGS BUNNY
in "GOLF GRUDGE"
THINK I'LL STROLL OVER AND CHECK ON THE CARROT SITUATION AT ELMER FUDD'S!
FORE!

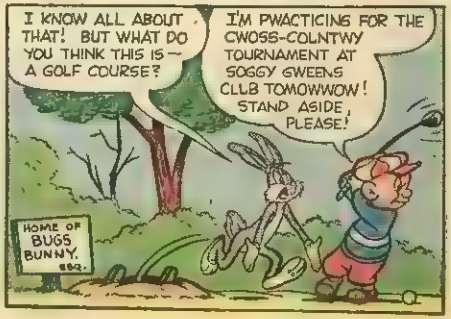

URK!

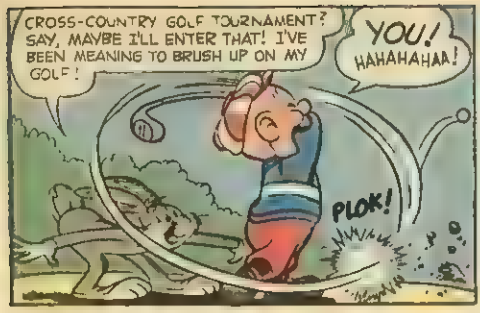

SAY, BUGS, OLD FWIEND! WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO TOSS ME MY GOLF BALL?
!

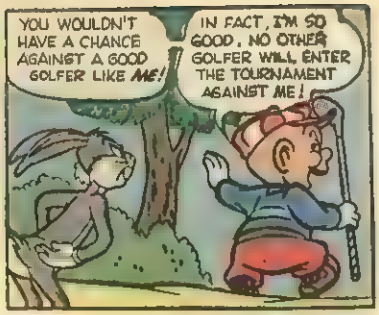

SURE! ANYTHING TO OBLIGE, FUDDSY!
BLOP!


YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SO WOUGH, WABBIT!
ROUGH? LOOK WHO'S TALKING! I GOT KONKED ON THE HEAD BY YOUR BALL!

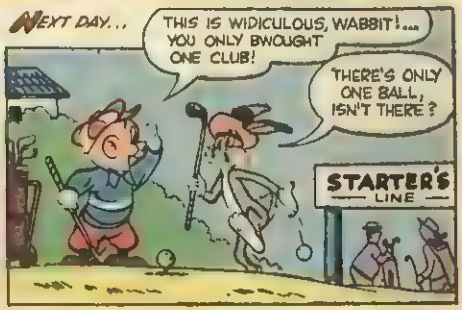

DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT GOLF? I YELLED "FORE!" FOR YOUR INFORMATION, THAT'S A WARNING WE GOLFERS USE BEFORE WE STWIKE THE BALL!
!

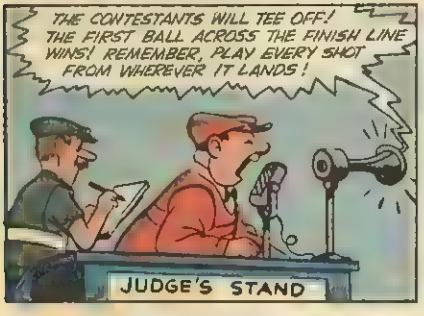

I KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT! BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS — A GOLF COURSE?
I'M PWACTICING FOR THE CWOSS-COUNTWY TOURNAMENT AT SOGGY GWEENS CLUB TOMOWWOW! STAND ASIDE, PLEASE!
HOME OF BUGS BUNNY.

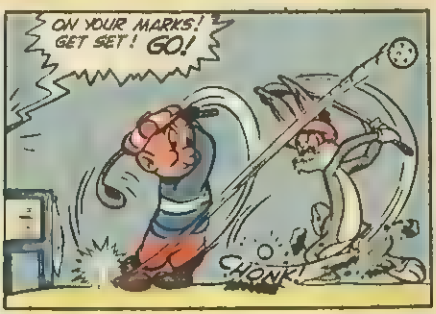

CROSS-COUNTRY GOLF TOURNAMENT? SAY, MAYBE I'LL ENTER THAT! I'VE BEEN MEANING TO BRUSH UP ON MY GOLF!
YOU! HAHAHAHAA!
PLOK!

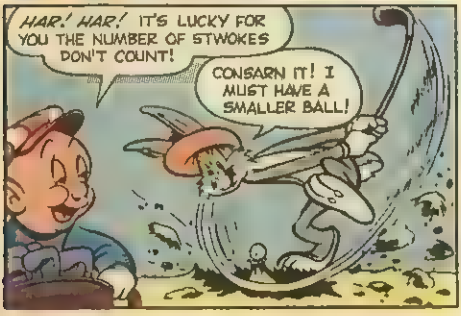

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST A GOOD GOLFER LIKE ME!
IN FACT, I'M SO GOOD, NO OTHER GOLFER WILL ENTER THE TOURNAMENT AGAINST ME!

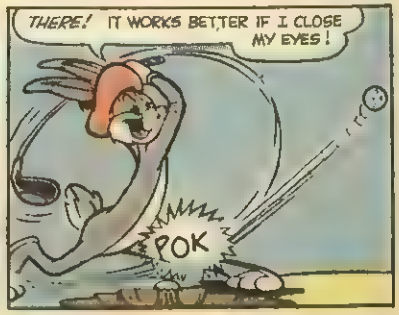
WELL, I WILL! THAT LITTLE STUFFED SHIRT BURNS MY WHISKERS! WE'LL SEE WHO HAS THE LAST LAUGH! WHERE'S THAT GOLF CLUB?

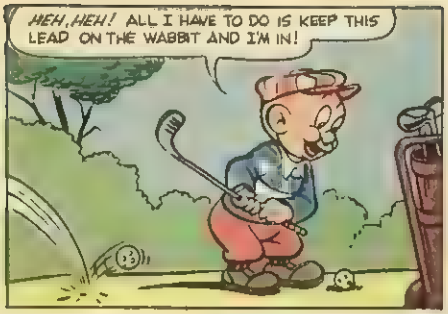

NEXT DAY...
THIS IS WIDICULOUS, WABBIT!... YOU ONLY BWOUGHT ONE CLUB!
THERE'S ONLY ONE BALL, ISN'T THERE?
STARTER'S LINE

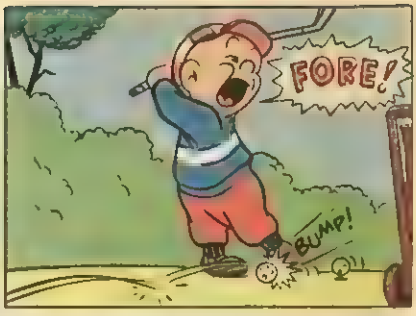

THE CONTESTANTS WILL TEE OFF! THE FIRST BALL ACROSS THE FINISH LINE WINS! REMEMBER, PLAY EVERY SHOT FROM WHEREVER IT LANDS!
JUDGE'S STAND

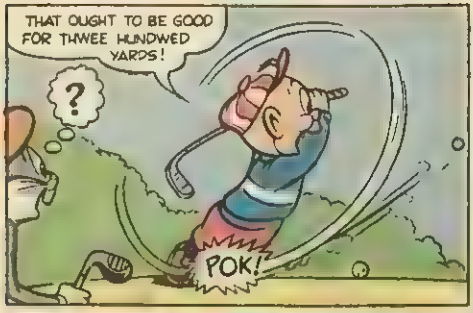

ON YOUR MARKS! GET SET! GO!
CHONK!

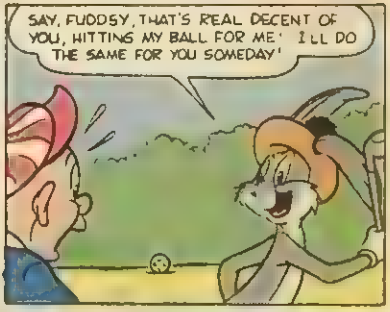

HAR! HAR! IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU THE NUMBER OF STWOKES DON'T COUNT!
CONSARN IT! I MUST HAVE A SMALLER BALL!

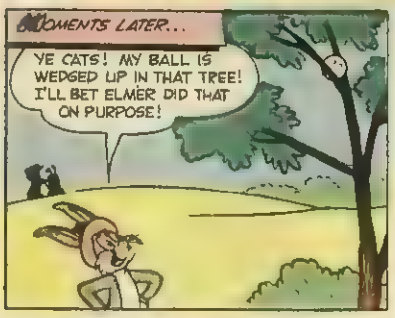

THERE! IT WORKS BETTER IF I CLOSE MY EYES!
POK

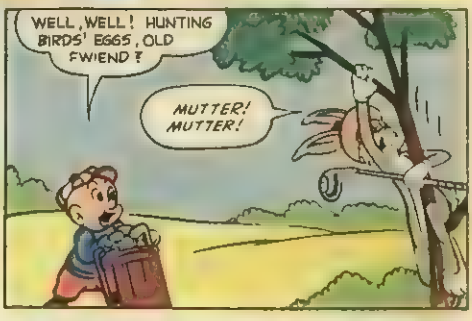

HEH, HEH! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS KEEP THIS LEAD ON THE WABBIT AND I'M IN!

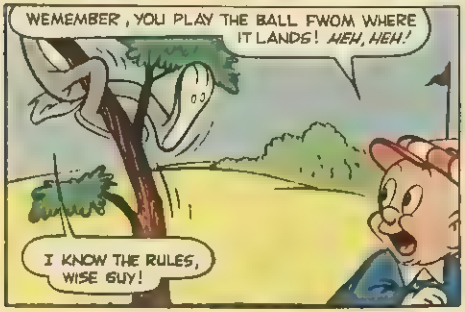

FORE!
BUMP!

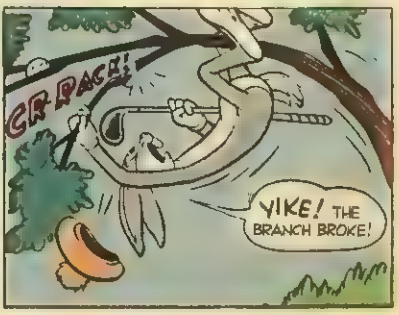

THAT OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR THWEE HUNDWED YARDS!
?
POK!

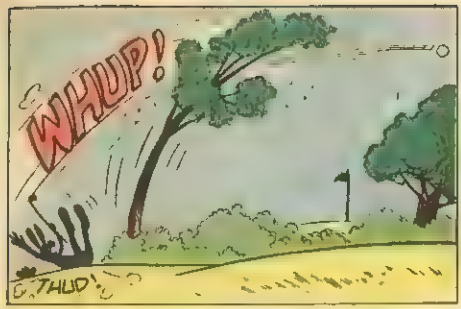

SAY, FUDDSY, THAT'S REAL DECENT OF YOU, HITTING MY BALL FOR ME! I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU SOMEDAY!

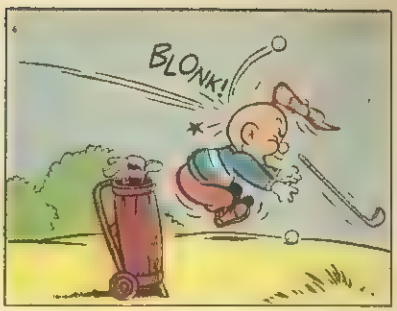

MOMENTS LATER...
YE CATS! MY BALL IS WEDGED UP IN THAT TREE! I'LL BET ELMER DID THAT ON PURPOSE!

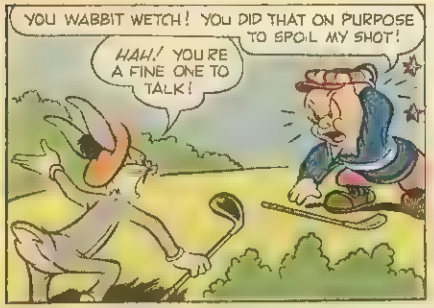

WELL, WELL! HUNTING BIRDS' EGGS, OLD FWIEND?
MUTTER! MUTTER!

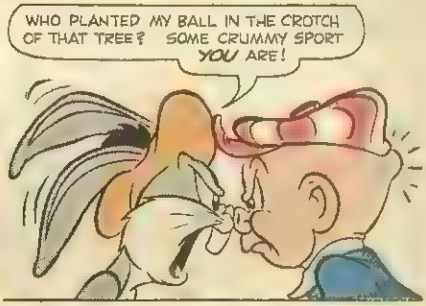

WEMEMBER, YOU PLAY THE BALL FWOM WHERE IT LANDS! HEH, HEH!
I KNOW THE RULES, WISE GUY!

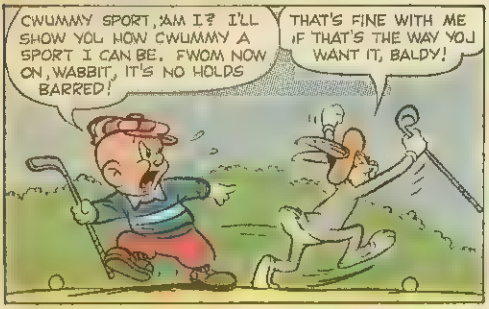

CRACK!
YIKE! THE BRANCH BROKE!

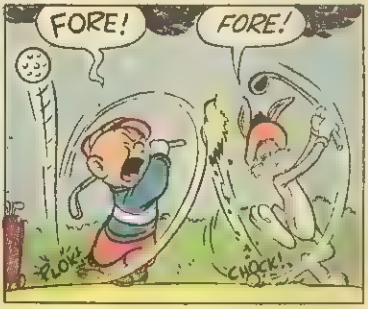

WHUP!
THUD!

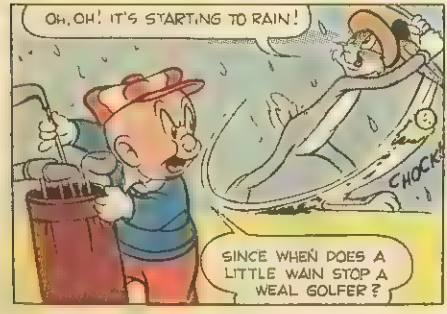

BLONK!

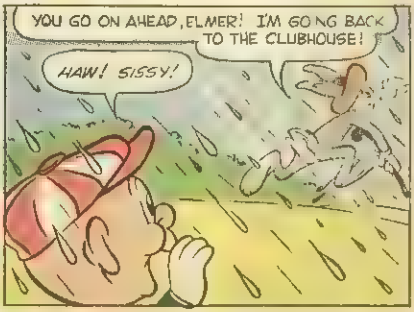

YOU WABBIT WETCH! YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE TO SPOIL MY SHOT!
HAH! YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TALK!

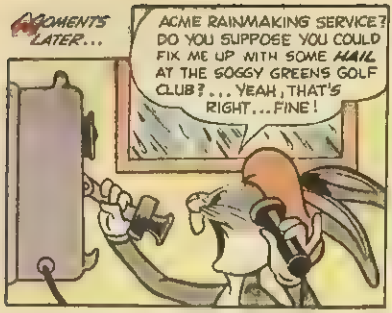

WHO PLANTED MY BALL IN THE CROTCH OF THAT TREE? SOME CRUMMY SPORT YOU ARE!

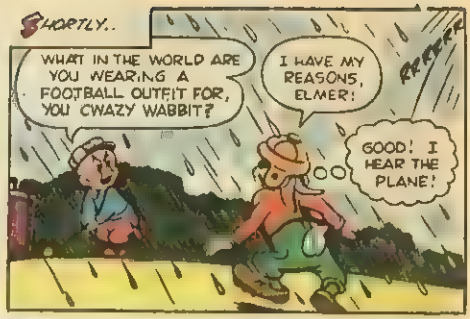

CWUMMY SPORT, AM I? I'LL SHOW YOU HOW CWUMMY A SPORT I CAN BE. FWOM NOW ON, WABBIT, IT'S NO HOLDS BARRED!
THAT'S FINE WITH ME IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, BALDY!

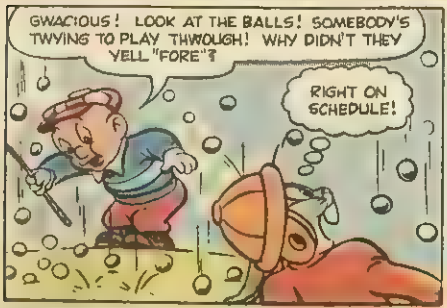

FORE!
FORE!
PLOK!
CHOCK!

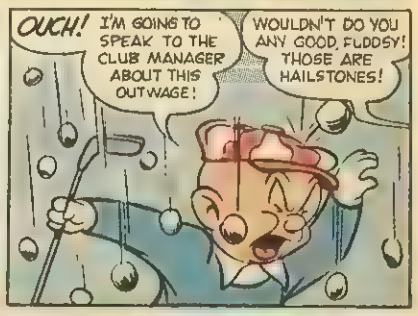

OH, OH! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!
CHOCK!
SINCE WHEN DOES A LITTLE WAIN STOP A WEAL GOLFER?

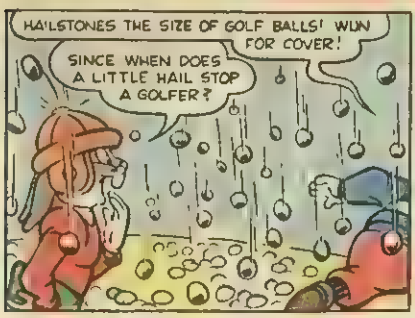

YOU GO ON AHEAD, ELMER! I'M GOING BACK TO THE CLUBHOUSE!
HAW! SISSY!

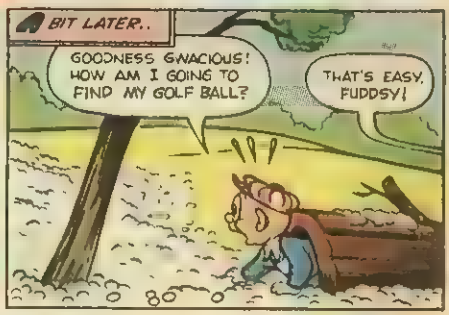

A MOMENTS LATER...
ACME RAINMAKING SERVICE? DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU COULD FIX ME UP WITH SOME HAIL AT THE SOGGY GREENS GOLF CLUB?... YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT... FINE!

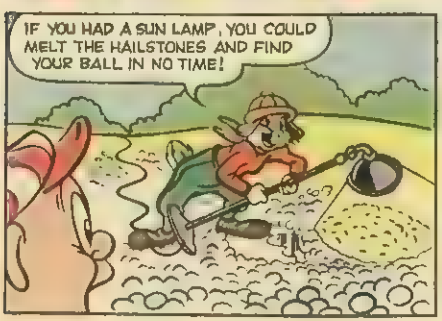

SHORTLY..
WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU WEARING A FOOTBALL OUTFIT FOR, YOU CWAZY WABBIT?
I HAVE MY REASONS, ELMER!
KRRRR
GOOD! I HEAR THE PLANE!

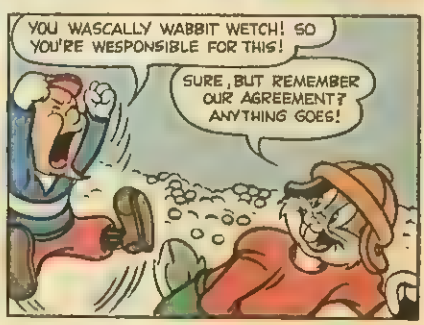

GWACIOUS! LOOK AT THE BALLS! SOMEBODY'S TWYING TO PLAY THWOUGH! WHY DIDN'T THEY YELL "FORE"?
RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!


OUCH!
I'M GOING TO SPEAK TO THE CLUB MANAGER ABOUT THIS OUTWAGE!
WOULDN'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, FUDDSY! THOSE ARE HAILSTONES!


HAILSTONES THE SIZE OF GOLF BALLS! WUN FOR COVER!
SINCE WHEN DOES A LITTLE HAIL STOP A GOLFER?


A BIT LATER..
GOODNESS GWACIOUS! HOW AM I GOING TO FIND MY GOLF BALL?
THAT'S EASY, FUDDSY!


IF YOU HAD A SUN LAMP, YOU COULD MELT THE HAILSTONES AND FIND YOUR BALL IN NO TIME!

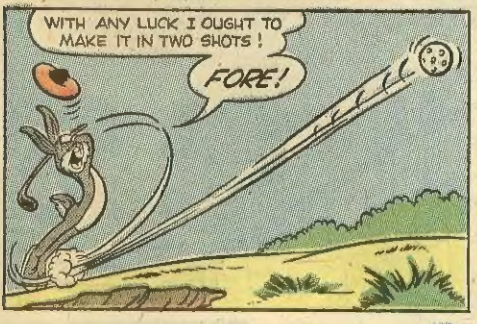

YOU WASCALLY WABBIT WETCH! SO YOU'RE WESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!
SURE, BUT REMEMBER OUR AGREEMENT? ANYTHING GOES!

THAT'S WIGHT! GIVE ME THAT SUNLAMP!

THERE! AS LONG AS YOU'RE PLAYING WOUGH, I CAN PLAY WOUGH, TOO!
TSK! TSK!
SPAAH!

TOO BAD YOU DID THAT! YOU SEE, I WAS GOING TO LET YOU USE IT WHEN I WAS THROUGH!
FORE!

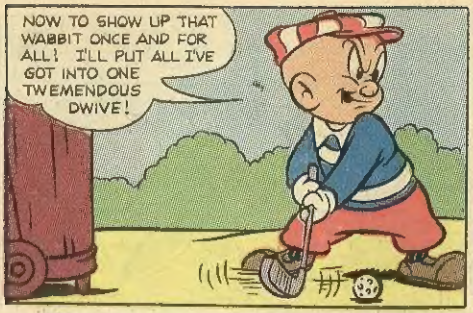
A BIT LATER...
FINISH LINE
WELL, THERE'S THE FINISH LINE AND I'M WAY AHEAD OF ELMER! THIS TOURNAMENT IS IN THE BAG!

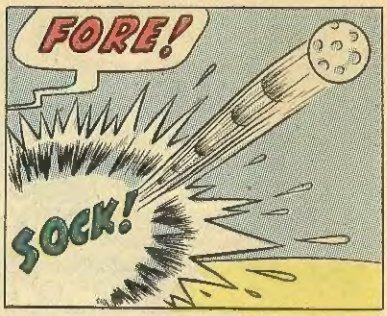

WITH ANY LUCK I OUGHT TO MAKE IT IN TWO SHOTS!
FORE!

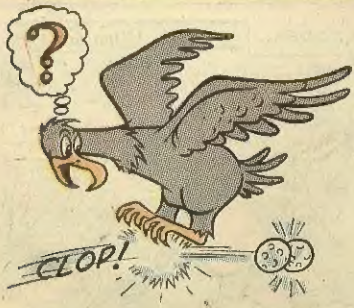
SKREE!
HEY! THAT BIRD GRABBED MY BALL!

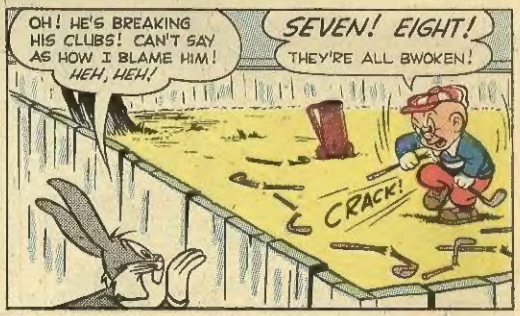
WELL, THERE GOES THE BALL GAME! GUESS ELMER'LL HAVE THE LAUGH ON ME AFTER ALL!

HEH! THAT TWAINED FALCON I WENTED DID HIS WORK WELL!









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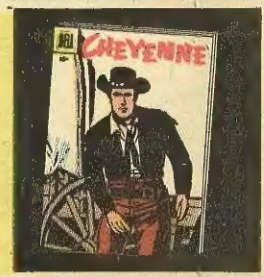

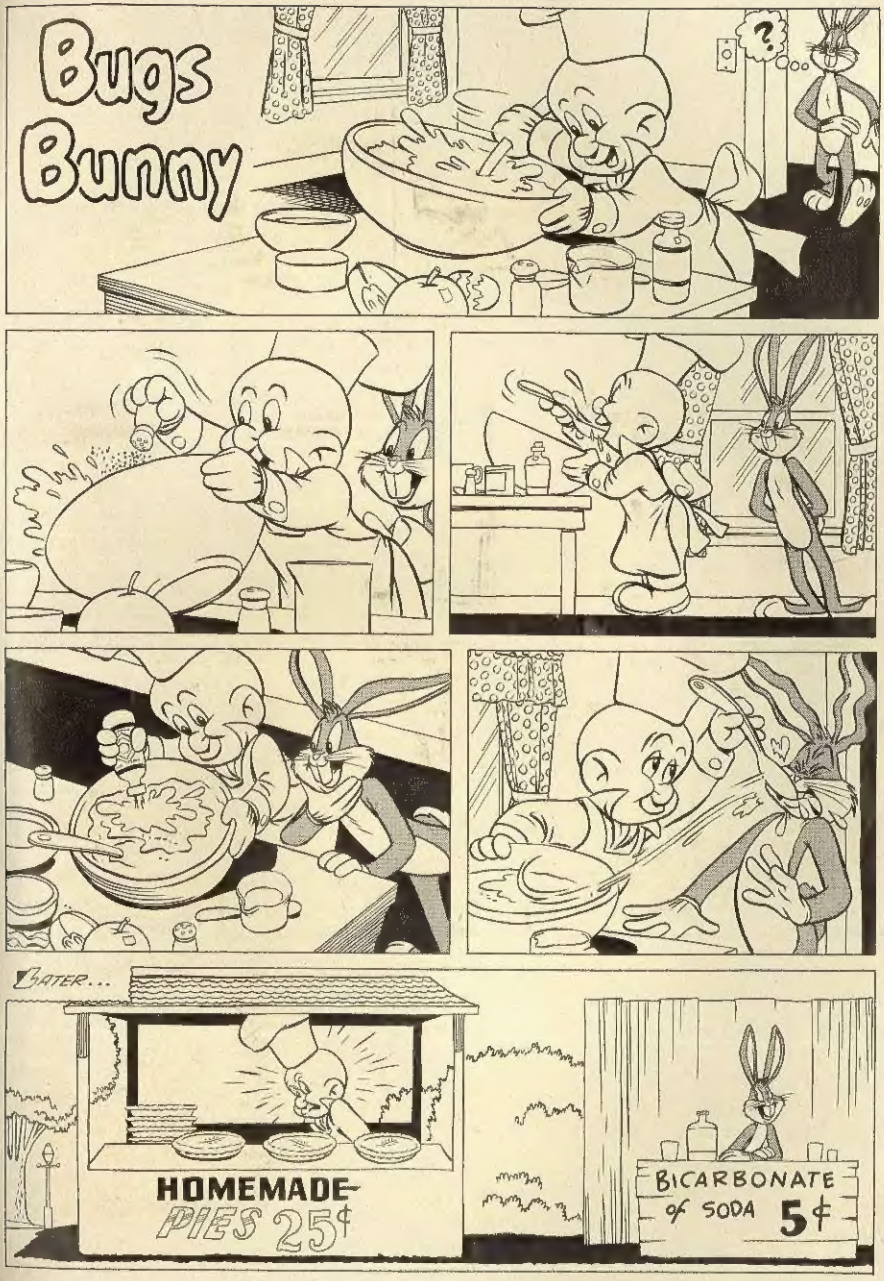
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